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Redheaded GIRL NEXT DOOR

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29 OCT 1946

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

George found it hard to work, and escape romance, dogs, and arrows as well.

PERSUASIVELY the agent said to George Nichols, "You're lucky to get a house like this. Brown Street's a nice quiet neighborhood. And if you want to make a garden—"

Throwing open the back door he disclosed a pleasant plot of growing green dominated by the wide-fung branches of a maple tree.

"If I did," George Nichols said to the agent, "look what's next door."

The agent frowned as his gaze hurried the dividing fence and alighted on an underslung semi-Scottish terrier industriously burying a bone. Suddenly, magically, his frown vanished.

"Look now!" he breathed. Out of the house next door had come a girl. Her green sweater and white shorts were salient with strategically disposed curves. The ardent spring sun tangled itself in her uncovered hair, flaming and shimmering in brassy splendor.

As the two men watched, she took several frolicsome running steps, emulously kicked up a pair of loofer-ahod heels, and proceeded to walk with practiced ease upon her hands.

"Um!" the agent said. "Nice."

The leer went ill with his pouted eyes and greying hair. Surveying him with distaste, George thought, The antiquated Casanova. What he needed when young was a good stiff jolt of Rita Meredith with all the trimmings.

In George's case the trimmings had been his discovery of Rita's engagement to a flight-lieutenant as a thresher on top of a simmering case of combat fatigue. The whole had been a potent mixture and mighty hard to take.

Well, he was over that brain-quake safely. A bad case of Ritaitis was a harassing experience; but if you did recover you were immunised to woman trouble for the rest of your life. George guessed that after Rita it would take more than an acrobatic redhead to deflect him off the beam.

ABRUPTLY he said, "I'll sign the lease. And I'm moving in on Thursday."

"Okay," the agent said, and went to lock the door. The lock stuck. He wrestled with it, cursing under his breath, while a vivid shade of magenta mounted swiftly from his neck to his receding hairline.

Mildly amused, George said, "Let me."

He pulled outward on the knob, twisted the key sharply, and the lock snapped shut.

"Very smart," the agent acknowledged.

George explained modestly, "Houses happen to be in my line, you see."

"That," grinned the agent, "is excellent. Now when the plumbing next door goes wrong our little redhead will know whom to call on."

George snarled. How like the old fool to confuse a plumber with an architect. "The little redhead," he vowed darkly, "can go jump in the sea."

Thursday found George back on Brown Street, supervising the placement of his goods and chattels between spells of working in the garden. Now and then he would pause at the foot of a row to lean on his rake and reflect upon the whimsies of Fate.

Hall and McBride were designers—when priorities permitted—builders of the latest word in pre-fabricated sectional dwellings. Yet their brightest young employee, could find no better place to lay his head than this mouldering cockroach trap.

He was examining a decadent downy bed in front of the house when a maroon sedan rolled through the gate, the evening to stop near his gate. A tall superciliously handsome



young man in R.C.A.F. uniform got out of the car. He rang the bell of the house next door and was admitted.

Shortly thereafter he reappeared, accompanied by the red-haired girl, who was attired this time in a silver wrap and a gown of robin's-egg blue. The near-Scotty pattered determinedly after them on stubby legs.

A woman well past middle age, bearing a faded resemblance to the girl, came out on the steps and called, "Come, MacToosh! Here, boy!"

The girl and the flight-lieutenant got into the maroon car, waved to the woman, and drove away. The woman went indoors. MacToosh climbed to the topmost step and glared over at George.

"It's a heck of a world, fella," George sympathised with him. "And it's swarming with flight-lieutenants."

Putting away his rake he went indoors and to bed. He lay wide-eyed, listening to the faint night stirrings of the old house, watching the faint grey light drain off his bedroom walls. These dark hours were bad hours for him, for it was then that the hard knot he still carried inside him seemed tied the tightest.

The horrific glare made a kind of sonant vortex round which the redhead, the older woman, and MacToosh kept eddying distractedly.

George ran over to them. "Allow me," he said.

Raising the bonnet, he unscrewed the horn connection. At once a beatific stillness settled again over Brown Street.

The woman began a sigh of relief that curdled half-way into a dismayed gasp. "Gracious! Something's burning!" She hurried indoors, calling over her shoulder, "You've got the shopping list?"

"Yes, Aunt Hattie." The red-headed girl smiled at George. "You must be our new neighbor."

"Right," he said, "George Nichols."

"Virgie Bond," said the girl.

"This is awfully good of you, Mr. Nichols."

"Not at all," George replied.

A cold, hard wariness was stealing into his manner. He recalled the Rita-inspired vow he had made about this girl, about all girls. Virgie Bond's eyes were a deep, smile-snaring blue. She was, George decided, much too personable to be safe.

Her glance fell on his brief-case. "I teach over at Riverside. Maybe I could give you a lift."

"I've a call to make," George responded. He eyed MacToosh, sniffing derogatively at his ankles, with chill distaste. "But thank you, just the same."

The call was at the nearest hardware store, where he ordered a roll of wire-netting. As a result he

means a lot to us. It may mean something to you as well. Understand?"

George understood, and he understood also the question implicit in R.G.'s tone. During his brief spell with the firm he had made a good showing, but this was the first time responsibility had been laid upon him so directly. Could he come through under pressure? The burden of proof rested with him.

R. G. Hall was eyeing him thoughtfully. "Had a pretty tough time of it overseas, didn't you?"

George felt his shoulders twitch. "That's all done with." His tone was shorter than the one most underlings dared employ with R.G.

"Um. Of course. Still, no use overdoing things at first. Where are you staying, Nichols? Brown Street? Nice quiet neighborhood—lived out there myself years ago. Look, suppose you take this stuff home with you and work on it there where you won't be bothered. We can get you any time on the phone."

George went home to the nice quiet neighborhood. The day was hot. He found the house, shut up all the morning, unbearably stuffy. He carried his drawing paraphernalia out under the shade of the big maple in the yard and got to work.

Through the sleepy, still air drifted children's voices and the whirr of speeding roller skates. Overhead the young leaves whispered gently. George finished his first drawing. He had begun inking it in when Virgie Bond emerged from the house next door.

She was followed by the flight-lieutenant, who carried, of all things, a bow, a quiver of arrows, and a target



"Left arm held out straight," he heard the flight-lieutenant say.

mounted on a tripod. He set the target up in front of the garage, paced solemnly back to where the girl was standing, selected an arrow with the exacting care of a William Tell, and bent the bow.

George heard the twang of the bowstring, heard the vicious thuck of the arrow striking the target.

"Bull's-eye!" Virgie applauded. "Nothing to it," the flight-lieutenant said. His air of modesty was so obviously faked that George yearned to choke him.

The flight-lieutenant handed Virgie the bow.

"Left arm held out straight," he coached her. "Head turned in line with the arm."

His instructions were manual as well as oral. He was an attentive instructor—much too attentive, George reflected darkly. His manner of instruction brought a protesting growl from MacToosh, who was watching the whole thing with the air of a dog expecting the worst.

Please turn to page 4

Cool accompaniment!



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ESCAPADE

The thoroughbred of LIPSTICKS

Redheaded Girl Next Door

Continued from page 3

GEORGE'S opinion of MacTosh soared upwards two points from the frosty zero.

"No," the flight-lieutenant was saying, "you pull back the string with three fingers. Like—"

Some leftover combat instinct warned George of the misdirected missile speeding his way. He dived for safety with a precipitate abandon that sent drawing-board, stool, table and ink bottle flying. Some of the ink splashed over the drawing and the rest went over George.

"Creepers!" exclaimed the girl. The flight-lieutenant called to George, "I'm very sorry. Afraid our arrow—" The rest of it died away in gurglings of ill-suppressed laughter. George arose and began mopping ink off his face. "It was all my fault," Virgie Bond said to him. Her voice, while contrite, sounded suspiciously shaken. "I really don't know what to say."

George did, but being a gentleman born he refrained from saying it. He merely looked at her. It is difficult for any man to register outraged indignation out of a countenance zebra-streaked with ink, but George did his best. He snatched up his ruined drawing and strode into the house.

The ringing of the telephone summoned him from a bathroom session with pumice and soap. He picked up the instrument.

"Hello, George," said Rita Meredith.

George gulped and folded his knees against the edge of a luckily available chair. He croaked, "Hello, Rita."

"They told me," Rita's dulcet drawl sounded amused. "I wouldn't believe it. Brown Street, George! What on earth are you doing out there?"

"Beating the housing shortage," George said. "The one you've been reading about in the papers. When did you get back, Rita? And—how's Tom?"

"Yesterday," Rita answered, "And Tom's with the Occupation forces. George, I've simply got to see you right away. When can you get over?"

"I couldn't say," George said cautiously. "I'm with Hall and McBride, you know, and we're very busy. Reconversion and all that."

"I know," Rita said. "All that. I'm sorry, George. If this didn't happen to be an emergency—"

"I'd hoped we might still be friends." George hesitated. He remembered that life for Rita was one endless series of emergencies. Still, this was an appeal to his chivalry, and she sounded positively distressed. "Hang on to everything," he bade her. "I'll be right over."

Slightly ruffled from his ride on a packed bus, but adequately de-linked, George presented himself at Rita's old apartment. "This is so kind of you, George," Rita greeted him.

She wore a garish bird of paradise housecoat that became her as everything Rita wore became her. She was on the lallish side, her fine-boned slenderness rounded and shapely. Her beauty had the suave, ironed-out finish of an M.C.'s patter; it had the haunting quality of a half-forgotten song. George was dismayed to discover within himself the recurrence of old, familiar symptoms.

"Cigarette?"

"Thanks," said George.

She sat on the couch beside him. Reaching out a long, honey-gold arm she turned on the record player and the room was filled with the subdued twangling of Hawaiian guitars. That kind of music seemed to go well with Rita. There was something exotic about her that reminded George of rustling palms and murmurous surf and the ardent glitter of sultry skies.

Unconsciously he dabbed at his forehead with his handkerchief.

"This wretched apartment," Rita said. "No air conditioning. And the electric fan's broken."

George wondered if this was the emergency she had spoken of. He butted his cigarette, and, using his pocketknife as a screwdriver, got the fan working again.

"Good as new," admired Rita. "Nothing like having a man about the house, is there?"

George stirred uneasily. "Tom'll be back one of these days."

"No, George," Rita said. "Tom's never coming back. Not to me."

"I'm dumbfounded," George said, and looked it. "Tom and you—why, I thought it was going to be the world's one deathless romance."

"It was," Rita said, "for two full weeks. And then—it was all my fault, I'm afraid. A man with his nerves worn raw by war needs understanding, tact, patience. Tom needed what I couldn't give. I failed him."

You got the picture: the long-suffering sweetheart nobly blaming herself for the tantrums of a selfish, bad-tempered fiancé. George realised more than ever what an angel she was and what a beast Tom Meredith could be.

"It's all coming to me," Rita went on. "I treated you badly, George. I treated you terribly. Well, I'm paying for it now."

"Forget it, Rita," George said. "That chapter's all over and done with."

"Is it, George?" Rita asked softly.

The telephone rang. It kept on ringing until Rita answered it. "For you," she informed George. "A Miss Virgie Bond." Her lips were tight.

"Virgie Bond?" George gasped. "How on earth—" He took the phone from her. "George Nichols," he said.

"Mr. Nichols," a voice said breathlessly, "this is Virgie Bond. I hope I'm going right. We heard your telephone ringing and ringing, and were afraid it might be important, so when I found you'd forgotten to lock your back door I went in and answered. It was a Mr. Hall calling, and he said he had to get hold of you right away, and I saw this number on your memo pad and called it on the chance you might be there. I hope I've done right."

"You have," George said. "You certainly have. Thanks a lot. Good-bye."

He dialled Hall and McBride. "Nichols," boomed R. G. Hall, "I've been trying to get you. How's Mayfair coming?"

"Pretty good," George said. "I've made a fine start on the kitchenette." Reflecting on the fate of that fine start, he was thankful that a wince couldn't show over the telephone.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said R. G. Hall. "Gourlay's in a lather to get things going. I'm depending on you, George. Keep punching."

"Roger," George answered. "Good-bye, R.G."

He cradled the phone. "I'm sorry, Rita. Duty summons, and I must heed."

He became aware of Rita's intense scrutiny. "Is duty a blonde," she inquired, "or a brunette?"

"Neither," George replied. "She's a decided red—Who? R. G. Hall? He hasn't enough hair left to formulate a color scheme."

"You'll be back soon?" Rita said. "It helps a lot to share one's troubles with a friend, George. I'm depending on you, really."

"Fine," George spoke absently. He was looking for his hat. "That makes two of you."

"Pardon?" said Rita.

"Nothing at all," George said. "I was just thinking out loud."

"That's obvious," Rita said. "Good-bye, George."

George returned to Brown Street in a profoundly disturbed state of mind. It seemed that Rita still had the power to play upon his feelings like a harp. It hurt George's ego to think of himself as a harp.

Moreover, his career swung delicately in the balance. His chance to succeed was tied up with the Mayfair plans, and so far his progress with Mayfair was an absolute nil.

Please turn to page 10

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Week-End Wife

By ...
**MARGUERITE
EYSEN**

THE alarm-clock under her pillow whirled in Nan's ear, and she forced her eyelids open to glance at the watch on her wrist. It couldn't be—but it was!—it was seven o'clock. Beside her, Smoke still slept on.

Nan sat wearily up, suddenly sleep-drunk, her eyes travelling heavily around the whole expanse of their bed-sitting-room-with-kitchenette.

On the arms of the chairs, the table, the window-sills, were sticky glasses, filled ash-trays, plates and remnants of scrambled eggs and toast, murky coffee cups.

Who was it last night? Oh, yes, a couple of former fellow pilots. Nan felt for her slippers and stumbled groggily to the bathroom. If she could sleep just once around the clock!

In the bathroom she brushed her hands across her eyes, shook her head to clear it, and looked in the mirror. Twenty-one, and she felt a round hundred. Her eyes were dull, burned out.

Her eyelids drooped again as she fumbled for the shower tap. Hrrr! But nothing less than the sting of ice-cold water could penetrate the fog.

Dressed for the office, her bag under her arm, she stopped in the living-room beside the bed, looking badly down at Smoke. Even in sleep there was something dashing and headlong, unreckoning and devil-may-care about Smoke. He

stirred as she stood there, opening his eyes and blinking.

"Hello, Nan," he murmured, and turning over, he was dead to the world again.

In the bus, Nan sat straight up, rigid, clutching her bag in her lap. If she leaned her head back and relaxed, if she so much as shut her eyes, she'd fall asleep. Thank heaven it was Saturday and only a half day at the office.

But it was one of those mornings. Typing a long legal brief for Mr. Barlow, she used the eraser four times to the page on the average. From the next desk, Barbara Willard said, "What hit you this time? A truck?"

"Ex-pilots' reunion, and on into the night," Nan said and applied the eraser to an envelope.

All mornings passed, of course; even that one. The hands of her watch crawled towards noon, and Nan promised herself, I'll hit the hay the minute I get home, and sweep out afterwards. It was a quarter to twelve when Mr. Parmenter's bell rang for her, and Barbara said, "Oh-oh!"

It jolted Nan awake. She was conscious at least when she opened the door of Mr. Barlow's office.

"Come in, Nan," he said. In front of him on the desk were three smudged envelopes she had typed, and Nan flushed.

"All right, what's the trouble, Nan?" Mr. Barlow was grey-haired and all-enduring. There was only a solicitous note in his voice, but at the sound of it Nan felt tired tears sting underneath her eyelids. Swallowing, she said, "I know—my work has been careless lately—"

"I know my work has been very careless lately," she said, in a trembling voice.

**It takes more than
love to make a real
success of marriage,
Nan found.**



since Smoke has been back."

Mr. Barlow said gently, "Maybe you're trying to do too much. Is it necessary? Didn't you tell me Smoke had gone to work for Atlas Refrigeration?"

"He did work there," Nan ran her tongue over dry lips. "But he didn't take to the job, and he had a chance with General Supply, and—"

"General Supply?" Mr. Barlow brightened. "That ought to be good. I know Ben Cobb, their chief-engineer, and—"

"It did look for a while as if it might work out," Nan said, "but it— it didn't, and now, while I'm working, is the time for Smoke to—to look around."

"I see," Mr. Barlow's eyes were thoughtful as he studied Nan. "Then you plan to stay on with us?"

"Oh, yes!" Nan said, her heart skipping. "And I've been thinking about other arrangements for the housekeeping and—everything." She held her breath until Mr. Barlow, still thoughtful, said, "All right, Nan. I just wondered."

But the jolt was still with Nan when she got off the bus at the corner shops. Her brain, numb from lack of sleep, rebelled at concentration on food—something, anything for lunch and for dinner to-night. She'd take a chance on her mother's asking them for Sunday dinner.

She opened the door—to see the bed still down, the tumble of bedclothes on the floor. And there were the sticky glasses, the egg-stained plates, the coffee cups; the coffee-pot still perched on the radio.

"Smoke?" There was no answer. Damp towels lay where Smoke had tossed them into a bathroom corner. The shower curtains still drizzled. Smoke always had to turn the shower on full blast, of course!

Slushing up the puddles on the floor with the damp towels, Nan dragged back to the living-room. Smoke had probably gone home, to combine breakfast with lunch at his mother's. Afterwards he would nap in the swing on the shaded verandah.

Please turn to page 25

Have you heard...

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IT'S YOUTH IT'S GRACE IT'S SCAMP

Two Holes in One

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN



BEYOND question the little woman was very sweet about the whole thing. She brought Steve a nice glass of tomato juice and a cup of black coffee, and sat on the edge of the bed while he tried to pry his eyes open.

"Good morning," she said.

Steve mumbled and reached for the tomato juice. He felt bad—very bad. The ten o'clock sunlight of a beautiful Sunday morning filtered through a crack in the drawn shades and lay in a pattern across the floor. He had never seen a fouler sight, Steve thought.

The tomato juice revived him a little, and he got his eyes open sufficiently to see Kathie. She was just sitting there, smiling a little. A tiger would smile about like that just before he took a bite out of a man, Steve suspected. He wished that a curtain cord, swaying in the faint breeze, wouldn't clatter so against the wall.

"Well?" he asked finally.

"How do you feel, dear?"

The pay-off was coming now, Steve thought, and from the way his head felt it was going to be good. He cast his mind back over some of the things which he faintly remembered doing last night; then winced, and wished that he hadn't remembered.

Might just as well get it over. He mumbled, "Guess I must have had a little too much last night. Got sort of a headache."

"Would you like an aspirin, dear?"

It was going to be bad, all right. Wives didn't use that solicitous tone unless they had the hot irons warming up and the thumbscrew ready.

Steve put the coffee cup down and hunched himself up a little. Then he saw that he was still wearing his dress shirt, and sat back again, trying, unobtrusively, to pull up the counterpane.

"Well," he said, attempting to sound cheerful, "that just hit the spot. Now run along, dear, and I'll dress. Maybe I'll go out and practise a little golf this morning."

It didn't work. Kathie smiled again with the friendly warmth of snow on a glacier. "Yes, I think I would . . . if I were you."

"Huh?"

"You don't remember, dear?"

He avoided her eye. "You mean about last night?"

"Exactly. About last night."

"I guess I was a little merry," Steve mumbled. "A person's got a right to get a little merry once in a while, hasn't he?"

He closed his eyes and pulled the counterpane closer under his chin. A family of Swiss bell-ringers might as well have moved into his head, he thought morosely. Jingle bells—jingle bells!

Kathie's voice beat through the anvil chorus. "Of course, you always have to win the prize for boy having best time at party," she said.

"It was just fun—good, clean fun," Steve protested weakly. "Everybody likes good, clean fun."

Kathie's voice was very sweet. "Mrs. Tilton didn't seem to think it was very funny when you said that she was Little Eva and that you were going to chase her across the ice. You re-

member pushing her down the steps, don't you?"

"Oh—hi!" Steve said.

"Yes," the little woman told him. "I understand the doctor's been over there again this morning."

"I don't believe it," Steve said thickly, burrowing deeper into the covers.

Kathie went on in a calm and detached voice, "I don't think that Mr. Dodd was very amused, either."

"Dodd?"

"Your boss, dear. Don't you remember?"

Steve groaned again and squeezed his eyes shut.

Finally he asked in a weak voice, "I didn't pull anything on the boss, did I? Tear his shirt off or anything?"

"No, you just talked to Mr. Dodd, dear. He had been telling how he made a hole in one this week. You were a little loud when you interrupted him, I'm afraid. You said anybody could make a hole in one, and that you were just the person who could prove it to him."

"You're just saying that to make me feel bad."

KATHIE paid no attention. Her voice seemed to come from a far distance and there was a dreamy quality to it. "You said that it was time someone proved something to Mr. Dodd, because he was an old fossil with no vision. That if he had any vision he would have seen before now that you were the man to head the new department."

"Well, there goes that chance," Steve said morosely.

"Oh, no," Kathie reminded him sweetly. "Don't you remember the bet, dear?"

"Bet?"

"You don't remember, do you, darling? Just to prove that Mr. Dodd had no imagination—I think 'imagination' was what you said—you offered to bet your job against the new managership that you could make two holes in one any day you liked. You ended up by saying that you doubted that Mr. Dodd had ever made a hole in one anyway. And if he did, where did he do it and who saw him do it?" She smiled.

"Mr. Dodd said that it was at the Woodley Golf Club, and you said that you had never even heard of it. You were quite loud, dear."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!"

Steve sat up in bed, dress shirt and all. This was bad. Then a thought cheered him little—old A.P. wouldn't take such a thing seriously. Old A.P. was a man of broad vision, of imagination. He might be a little nettled, perhaps—might even have Steve in on the carpet. Nothing more. Good old Alexander P. Dodd!

Kathie dissipated that dream. "Mr. Dodd said that if you wanted to make such a fool bet, it was all right with him. He said a lot of other things too."

"What?"

"I don't remember them all. Finally he said to pick any hole and any course and name your own date. You said next Saturday afternoon would suit you fine. So he said that that would suit him fine, too, and that on

Monday you'd either be head of the new department or out on your ear."

She went out, closing the door, and the sound aroused the Swiss bell-ringers to new irenzy. Steve groaned and lay back. He wished that he was still in the Army.

It was eleven o'clock on Monday when the office boy came to Steve's desk. There was a dark blue haze over the world this morning. It deepened as Steve looked up. The office boy jerked a thumb.

"Boss wants to see you, Mr. Kilday."

Steve got up slowly. Old A.P.'s secretary motioned him into the inner office. He thought that he could detect a pitying expression in her eyes.

Mr. Dodd was a heavy-set man with white eyebrows and a pair of eyes that could bore through armor plate. For a minute he stared at Steve in silence.

"Kilday," he said finally, "I think that it is only fair to tell you that I have been considering you for promotion. I have been watching your work with considerable interest since you came back from the Army and I had about come to the conclusion that you were executive material. For that reason I was seriously considering you as the head of the new department."

Steve's spirits dropped to a new low. "Yes, sir," he said miserably.

Mr. Dodd tipped back in his chair and went on with brutal directness. "I'm going to speak frankly, Kilday. The incident on Saturday night has caused me to doubt gravely whether you possess the necessary qualities to fill such a responsible position. I'm not referring to the fact that you had a little too much to drink. That could happen to anybody—it's happened to me. What I'm referring to is much more serious."

Mr. Dodd paused and Steve gulped.

Then the other went on, his eyes boring like flinty gimlets. "You made a bet with me. In other words, you committed yourself to an obligation. It is highly unlikely that you can meet the terms of that obligation—a little thought should convince you of that. Yet you were willing—I might even say eager—to risk a heavy stake to the contrary."

"Uh—" Steve began.

Mr. Dodd stopped him with a brisk motion of his hand. "I'll finish first. The proposition that you made to me was speculation, and it wasn't even good speculation; it was the worst speculation I've ever heard of!" Old A.P.'s face got red and he snorted. "Two aces in one day! Bah!"

"Sir—"

"You can gamble that way with your own career if you haven't any better sense. You can't gamble that way with my new department. I don't have to decide that you're not going to get it; you'll take care of that yourself on Saturday. You made the terms and the bet stands." Well, Steve thought bitterly, he had nothing further to lose now. He might just as well speak up and show old A.P. that he wasn't worrying—and that was a good laugh! He forced what he hoped was a jaunty smile.

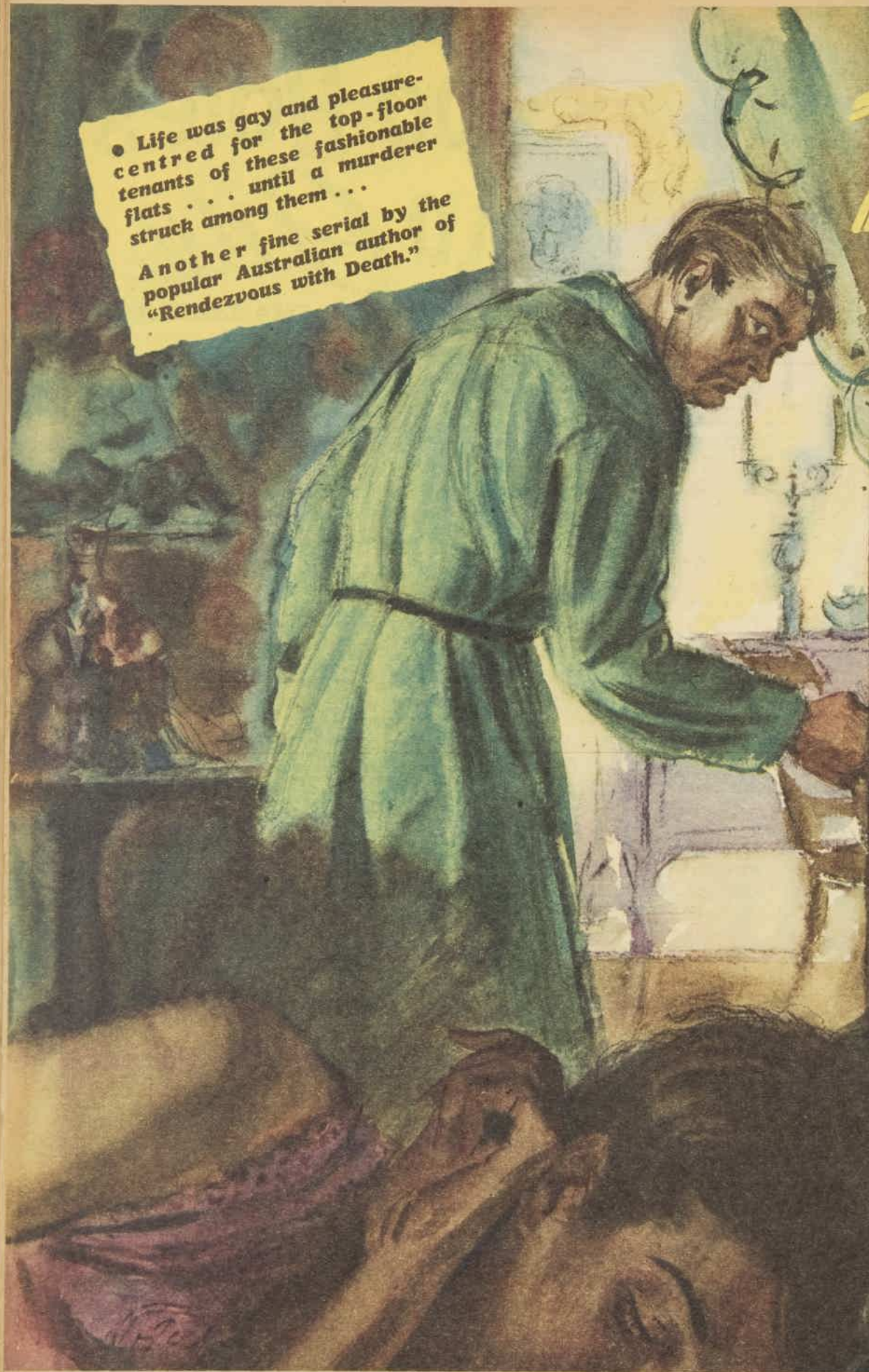
Please turn to page 30

• Life was gay and pleasure-centred for the top-floor tenants of these fashionable flats . . . until a murderer struck among them . . .

Another fine serial by the popular Australian author of "Rendezvous with Death."

The

by
**MARGOT
NEVILLE**



Gardenia Case

ON that hot morning of January 15 it was Frank Ingle-Jones who, soon after eight o'clock, went to the rug-box in the hall, lifted the lid, and stooped to get out the fresh bath towels that Vida had sent him for.

By eight o'clock Ingle-Jones had already been up for three hours. Three long, quiet hours with the flat to himself, and Vida not awake yet to push him round the way she'd taken to doing lately.

Even after two years in town Ingle-Jones still obstinately clung to his country habit of early rising.

All his life, year after year, he had been used to getting up at dawn, breakfasting by sun-up, and riding out over the paddocks with his manager, talking over sales and prices and seasons, watching the sheep lift their dumb faces to the reddening sky, and the parrots rising like colored kites out of the tall trees.

The long-established routine produced an ordered, disciplined day, a day with meaning.

When they had come to town Vida had tried to break him of this crazy five o'clock habit. The slightest sound woke her in the morning—or so she said. But she'd have to put up with it, he'd told her, if she insisted on leaving Murrumbidgee and coming to live in a beehive just because she couldn't get servants any more.

That was Vida's excuse, anyhow, but perhaps she was just reacting to the accelerated tempo of life since the war and wanted to jump feet foremost into the stream.

Sydney was crowded to bursting point with servicemen from all over the globe, and wealthy fugitives from the islands; and there was the beckoning finger of adventure, with parties and good times, and everything as different as could be from normal.

Twenty years of marriage with Ingle-Jones up at Murrumbidgee—which for all its wealth and comfort was an outlandish three hundred miles from anywhere—well, maybe Vida deserved a little change. She was taking it, anyhow, with both hands.

So on this January morning, as soon as the carefully curtained window was a yellow oblong with the first sunrises, Ingle-Jones sat up cautiously in the bed three feet away from his wife's, and pushed back the mosquito net. With a wary eye on her he slipped out of bed and groped for his slippers.

All the years that he had been master at Murrumbidgee he had been master of Vida, too, but now, by one of those queer land-slides that sometimes happen in marriage, the mastery had slipped into Vida's hands.

He gave way all along the line before the impact of her smouldering discontent.

This morning, as he made his get-out, she didn't stir or hump an indignant shoulder as she sometimes did. Her dark head was still on the pillow, and her breathing unchanged, and he tip-toed across the room and closed the door behind him, taking a good minute to let the handle slip back into place.

No curtains were drawn in the sitting-room. The big, heavily furnished room was filled with a secretive morning twilight that gave a sly life to the deep chairs and couches in their flower-patterned chintzes, as though they'd been up to some business of their own before he appeared.

There were walnut tables and desk, and corner cabinets of china. Vida had started to collect once, but she had worked her way through that hobby as she had through so many others. Now she couldn't have told you Battersea from Dresden.

In the long still room the air was heavy with the scent of flowers—dusty scent of the frangipani and madonna lilies in high

jars, though most of the flowers had died overnight in the oppressive heat since the breeze failed.

Released from the bedroom, Ingle-Jones stood blinking and rubbing his eyes, and running his hands through his greying hair.

His skin was leathery, and his eyes were a faded blue. He could have been picked out for a country man anywhere, no matter whether he was wearing well-cut town clothes, or, as now, pyjamas—expensive ones—and an expensive dressing-gown.

Vida loved spending money, even on him. She spent a small fortune every time she went on a shopping orgy.

He went to the window and stood looking out across the harbor, a bit sourly, as though he didn't think much of it. All its extravagant dramatic beauty didn't give him a thing, it didn't say a thing to Ingle-Jones.

At the moment the blue of the water was deepening as the climbing sun rose above it, leaving it stretched out between the horns of the bay without movement or depth, a solid surface of ultramarine.

Down below, the street had a waiting look. The tattered banners of the bananas palms hung limply, waiting for the breeze to stir them. Row-boats and racing yachts slept at their moorings, and the piles of the jetty seemed to be stepping slowly out across the flat water. The pavements were still dark with the night's moisture, and long shadows streamed out secretively.

It looked almost cool out now, but the day when it came marching in was going to be as hot as ever. Another heavy, steamy, mid-January day.

Turning away from the window Ingle-Jones took a cigarette from the shagreen box on the low table by the couch, lighted it, and went into the kitchen to make himself a cup of tea.

NOISELESSLY he let a trickle of water run into the kettle, put it on the stove, and opened and shut the refrigerator door without even a click. He had learnt the art of doing almost anything now as silently and stealthily as a cat.

When the tea was drawn and poured he carried it into his den near the front door and closed the door behind him. This was his own private corner, with his pipes and magazines and old country journals and catalogues thumbed over and over. Here, every morning, three long hours were taken care of, killed and buried for all time.

At half-past seven Jessie the maid arrived, and at eight she took in Vida's tray.

They had brought Jessie down from Murrumbidgee with them. She was over forty-five, so the manpower couldn't get her. Up on the property she had looked her age, every day of it—a big, homely woman in a print dress and apron. But now!

Last night, after she had served dinner with her hair newly tinted and done up in a pompadour in front of her cap, Ingle-Jones had said to Vida: "Bless my soul! It wouldn't surprise me if she got another husband."

And Vida had snapped: "Oh, rubbish! She'd never be such a fool as that." But she had looked pretty scared at the thought.

To make more room in the flat, Jessie boarded with her sister. The work was child's play for her after the big household she'd been used to cooking for—Frank and Vida and all the other servants, to say nothing of a constant stream of people staying. Yes, Jessie was having the time of her life, just like Vida. And it's never very healthy when the time of your life comes late.

Vida's breakfast tray was still on the knees when Ingle-Jones went back to the

bedroom. The room was light now, with the slats of the white venetian blinds open, letting through the sky in strips of solid blue. Cream walls and green hangings and covers flattered Vida's creamy skin and dark hair.

She was sitting up in bed stirring her tea, the spoon going round and round mechanically, and she looked at Frank as though she didn't see him.

Jessie always brought her papaw or grapefruit and toast, and Vida always ate the toast and left the fruit, though she always planned to make it the other way about. This morning she hadn't eaten either.

Frank padded to the window and squinted out. He said: "It's going to be hot."

And Vida said, at the end of a yawn: "H'm," her unseeing eyes on his long, bony back in pyjamas and dressing-gown. Their whole married life in one long yawn.

He stood twisting the cords of the blind. "What are we going to do to-day?"

She answered, not including herself in the picture: "What you always do, I suppose."

That meant going into his club to turn over the papers and have lunch; coming back in the afternoon and drifting about below on the jetty, watching the kilck naval launches come in from Garden Island, watching the suck-suck of water against the jetty steps; watching the loungers with a string and a pin fishing for flathead, until something of the fisherman's state of mind invaded him; thought and non-thought, expectation and passivity.

Her tone was contemptuous. He turned round. "You know, Vi, I don't like the way you're carrying on with that fellow Hansen."

"Don't you?"

"No. These Yanks!" He shrugged. "I didn't say anything about it last night," he went on. "You seemed in such a stew when you came in."

"Very tactful of you, I'm sure! Well, don't say anything about it now, either, please."

But he persisted: "All this silly careering around after excitement. It doesn't suit you at all, Vi."

"No. I suppose I must leave that to charming young war widows like Nesta and Cynthia."

He sheered away from that. "Why don't we go back home?"

"You know why. I've no intention of going back till I can get decent servants again. No thanks!" She leant over and put the tray on the table. "There's nothing to stop you, though."

But there was. He couldn't go back without her. Their antagonism kept them together, tied them like a couple of malicious children kicking down each other's sand castles.

She took up her hand mirror and searched her face accusingly. Her eyelids, once smooth and dusky as the inside of a shell, were now a shade brownish and not so smooth, and something of that opacity had begun to invade the gardenia-cream of her skin. You couldn't have said that Vida was fat. There was just a kind of thickness that smudged the line between waist and thigh and chin and bosom.

As she lay there in bed she still looked almost youthful, but in a roomful of young women she carried the drooping banner of the waning generation. Worst of all, she was beginning to lose her confidence when she found herself alone with a man over a restaurant table or a quiet cocktail. And Vida was a bad loser.

Suddenly over the top of the mirror she caught Frank's eye and saw that he was watching her. The pupils of her full brown

eyes dilated. Maybe he was seeing what she was seeing . . .

She threw the mirror back on the bed. "Oh, for goodness' sake, Frank, don't stand there twirling that cord! Go and have your bath."

He stared in aggrieved surprise. "What? . . . Don't you want yours first?"

As a rule she hated the bathroom damp and steamy and kept him out on one pretext or another until she had had her. But this morning she insisted.

"No, you have yours first. Don't be long." Then, as he went to leave the room, she said: "Get out the fresh bath towels. Jessie left the laundry parcel in the rug-box in the hall."

So that was how it came to be Ingle-Jones that morning and not Vida or Jessie who opened the old mahogany, almost coffin-length, dower-chest that stood just inside the front door, and pandemonium was let loose.

ABOUT the same time, in the flat across the landing whose front door directly faced the Ingle-Jones', Jack Slaley was getting up, clattering about the flat, filling the bathroom with splashing and song and the kitchen with litter, frying eggs, and making toast and coffee.

When it was ready he piled it all on to a tray, carried it into the sitting-room, and put it down on the table at the window.

He had rented this flat furnished a month ago while medical boards were still dicker-ing about his case. Now he was out of the Army after four years—after Libya, Greece, and New Guinea—and he told himself every other hour that he was one of the miracles, because all that was left of those years—outwardly, at least—was a crooked-up arm.

The muscles and ligaments of the wrist would never be right again, the doctors said. But Jack thought that maybe that was because it wasn't their wrist. "The angle of view made all the difference, he found. He thought it was coming along nicely."

He glanced out into the expanding day, an approving glance, a glance that wasn't afraid now to admit what a fine place the world was since it seemed he wasn't going to be hurried out of it just yet.

The picture he saw had a tapestry-like quality. The flats on this side of the building had no view of the sea. Their windows were over the garden of the family mansion that had stood here for the best part of a century. The low white house with green shutters and Georgian fanlights was gone now, had given place to this rectangle of steel and concrete. But the garden remained.

Jack Slaley was twenty-eight, but he looked older. He was tall and loosely made, and looked as though he had been through various kinds of agony and come out the other side with a shell not to be so easily chipped again. This morning he was almost indifferently happy. As happy as people only are, as a rule, when they can't say why.

But he could say why. Nesta Cowie . . .

The velvet air flowed in the window and the coffee steamed richly, and the blue cigarette smoke spiralled round him as he ate and drank and smoked and scanned the paper—headlines that just didn't make a word of sense this morning.

He had a private world now, and bombers and political artillery didn't have a place in it. Nor any ambition any more, but just to move into his newly bought orange orchard and be Nesta's second husband.

Please turn to page 31

John M. H. H.



*Pink Powders
make you prettier*

The most flattering shade you can put on your face—so Elizabeth Arden suggests Rose Mist Powder—to blend away fatigue lines, give a delicate, pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable. Use Rose Mist Powder over one of Elizabeth Arden's tinted foundations—see the tired shadows disappear, your complexion grow young, luminous. Smile across the table with the confidence . . . assurance . . . sparkle . . . that are inevitably yours when you know you look your best.

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The Doctor Answers

ABOUT BACKACHE:

Patient: "Why do so many people suffer with Backache, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Because your back muscles are working constantly holding up your body, any extra strain is quickly felt; again, uric acid and other poisons often collect in these muscles if your kidneys and bowels are not functioning well and correctly."

Patient: "But, why, Doctor, do these poisons in the blood so often affect the muscles of the back?"

Doctor: "For the reason I gave just now—you feel the effect of these blood poisons in the weakest or most overworked parts of your body first. If you feel the effects in your back muscles, you can be sure they are everywhere in your muscles and joints, and the sensible thing to do is to get rid of these poisons as quickly as you can."

If you suffer from Backache, rheumatic pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, or similar aches and pains, you will be delighted with the relief and renewed energy Menthoids will give you. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain Thionine—the great blood medicine which does so much to drive out these crippling poisons from your blood, strengthen your kidneys and tone up your whole system.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.



MENTHOIDS for BACKACHE

Redheaded Girl Next Door

Continued from page 4

THAT night he surprised himself by sleeping soundly. MacTosh uttered not a single yawn. There seemed something sinister about the mutt's unprecedented silence. Had some wakeful soul succumbed to temptation and slipped him a strychnine-seasoned meatball? Filled with this grisly hope George got out of bed and saw, through the window, MacTosh well ensconced in his garden calmly disinterring his onions.

Furtively he dashed out of doors. Flagstones bruised his naked feet. MacTosh looked up, saw Nemesis careering towards him in a flying dressing-gown, wheeled, and lit out for the sanctuary of his own yard. He and George arrived at the fence simultaneously.

MacTosh dived between two panels and stuck halfway. George raised a foot, recoiled in the nick of time its unshod state, and lowered it again. Confusing the intention for the act, MacTosh yelped and, as though the foot had actually struck him, dragged himself through the gap with a desperate wriggle and limped, yelping dismally, toward the house next door.

"Stop! How dare you kick a poor defenceless dog!"

Attired in a pastel-blue negligee, Virgie Bond came sailing down the steps. She snatched the palpitating MacTosh to her bosom and glared at George out of eyes that were twin short circuits, catuscating blue sparks.

"I never touched him!" George shouted back. "And what about my poor defenceless onions?"

"Is that any reason for acting like a monster? I ought to sue you."

"And I," George said bitterly, "ought to sue the agent who leased me this house. For misrepresentation of fact. He told me this was a nice neighborhood."

"He lied. It's an abominable neighborhood. Has been for three days."

George's eyes narrowed. "I suppose it's just a coincidence I've been living in it three days?"

"Coincidence? I'd call it a calamity."

For a moment they exchanged inimicable glares. Then she turned. MacTosh whimpering hypocritically in her arms, and marched into the house. Back to bed, George supposed. She was a schoolteacher, and this was Saturday, the day when schoolteachers traditionally slept in. George set his jaw. This was one Saturday morning when one particular schoolteacher would not sleep in.

Pausing only to breakfast on a roll, he dragged out the wire netting he had ordered the day before and began stapling it along the bottom of the partition fence. The wooden planks resounded gratifyingly to the impact of the hammer.

Afterwards he brought his drawing board out under the maple and worked doggedly through the slow, somnolent hours.

He heard the click of his gate latch and the tap of brisk, light footsteps on the flagged pathway. It was Virgie Bond, carrying a tray laden with something concealed under a crisp new dish-towel. Recalling what he had heard about gift-bearing Greeks, George eyed her burden warily and hoped it would not turn out to be combustible.

"I'm afraid you must think we're pretty dreadful neighbors," she said it rather breathlessly.

"Let us be charitable," George said. "First appearances can be deceptive."

"Well, I'm dreadfully sorry about the ink yesterday, and about MacTosh digging up your garden. Aunt Hattie and I want to thank you for fixing the fence. And—maybe you'd like some lemonade and cake?"

George found her air of chastened apology indescribably charming. He warned himself not to give in too easily. But the cake was chocolate—the kind he preferred—and he was growing hungry.

"You are most kind," George said. "And I accept—on one condition. Let us understand, once and for all, that I did not lay a foot on MacTosh."

Her smile glimmered above the tray as she set it down on the table.

"Of course you didn't. He's a little liar, really. But I mustn't stop your work." She turned to leave.

"It's stopped already—for lack of ideas, I mean," George admitted ruefully. He cut himself a generous wedge of cake. It occurred to him that since she seemed to be friendly the feminine viewpoint might be helpful. "Are you, by any chance, interested in Chinese puzzles? This one's something special."

She glanced at the drawings. "Why, it's a kitchenette—a little beauty. Only, isn't it—"

"Pray speak freely," George encouraged.

"Well, then—a bit cluttered?"

"Try telling that to Gourlay Development. All they want is the appointments of a luxury hotel in a five-room bungalow." He spoke with feeling. Already the nauseating suspicion had seized him that, with youthful brashness, he had lightly taken on himself a labor that might have taxed Aladdin's faithful jinn.

They discussed cupboards gravely. Her suggestions were apt; George found himself adopting some of them. She sat on the grass in the shade, clasping her knees, and looked on while he started afresh.

By-and-by he found himself talking to her, telling her things. About his work at Hall and McBride. Little commonplace things he would never have dreamed of telling to Rita. With Rita, carrying on a conversation was always a dramatic, exacting business.

They talked away and George worked steadily, while the shadow of the maple grew longer and Virgie's cake grew less. Until, challenged by MacTosh's bark, the flight-lieutenant appeared. The flight-lieutenant looked displeased with something.

"Hello, Morton." Virgie swung to her feet. "You two haven't met, have you? Mr. Holquist, Mr. Nichols."

"How do you do, Nichols?" Morton spoke shortly. "Ready, Virgie?"

"All set," Virgie said, gathering up the tray.

"Thanks for everything," George called after her. "That was the finest cake I ever buried a hatchet in."

He watched them walk away, the flight-lieutenant's back ramrodlike with disapproval. Morton Holquist, George reflected, shouldn't happen to any girl, least of all to the nice kind of girl Virgie Bond had turned out to be.

The unseasonable warm spell held; the sunshiny days dragged slowly by. Rita left to spend a week with friends in New York. George slogged away at Mayfair throughout most of his waking hours, and dreamed about it at night in brief intervals of sleep. MacTosh allowed him. Virgie, who had taken an absorbing interest in the plans, joined him every afternoon under the big maple.

George found these conferences most inspiring. More than ever he marvelled how such a smart and charming girl could be in love with a poison package like Morton.

At last there came an afternoon when George found himself waiting in R. G. Hall's office with his fingers fervently crossed.

R. G. said to him, "Those Mayfair revisions went over very well with Gourlay. Everything's set. George. Nice going."

George went back to his desk. He had come through; had proved to R. G.'s satisfaction and his own that he could carry responsibility. His reward would be a boost in salary, the awareness of a job well done, and a lot more work to do.

The thing seemed to call for a celebration.

Rita Meredith had rung him up that morning. He turned to the telephone and began twisting the dial to her number. A thought stopped him. The thought of Virgie. In her green sweater and white shorts, standing beside him, looking down at his drawing-board.

Please turn to page 23

HE'S BACK TO HIS BLUE SUIT AGAIN...



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• Green crepe for a cool dress. And just to make it pretty, a pink ribbon swathes under the bust on one side to tie in a bow at the neckline.

• Skirts are an inch or two longer this year, waists are nipped tightly in, and hip detail like these padded pockets slung from a belt help to give the new rounded hippy look.

• Cool and flattering for hot days ahead is the amethyst crepe dress illustrated above with its wide, low neckline and band of shirring across the bodice to accent the bustline, and repeated over the arms on the short sleeves. The full skirt can be long or short.

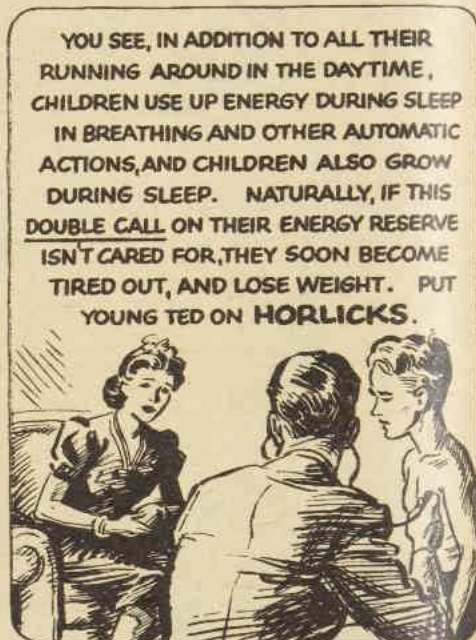
• Pastel pink fine woollen is used for a spring suit, with the neckline built up high at the back. Clever darted detail of jacket whittles the waist. Skirt and jacket match with scalloped edge.

• Fine blue-and-white check silk or sheer rayon for an afternoon frock with the newest type of "pretty" neckline, draped very low and caught with self bows. The neckline is made modest with pink net frill.

• A skirt with much front fullness, but still giving a very slim, straight line. The deep pleats are controlled by stitching to below rounded hipline, dramatised with raised pleats.



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Sister fashions

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● Plaid sister-suits go to school (top left.) Lesson in cotton striped in pale-green, white, brown (top right.)



● Schoolroom news in cotton shantung. Color contrasts are pink with aqua and blue with yellow.



● Playtime plaid. Corded cotton frocks in pink, white, and black, with white individual trims for detail. Plaid used diagonally on the pockets and sleeves makes a charming finish.



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But you don't know *how* appealing and adorable you can be, until you accentuate your own natural loveliness with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder and Pond's "Lips".

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BACK VIEW OF PORT LYPNE, fabulous house built by late Sir Philip Sassoon for £250,000 on cliffs overlooking Romney Marshes, Kent. A long terrace with sun porches either end has steps leading to vast swimming-pool with central fountain.

Wealthy Australian buys fabulous house



SPANISH PATIO forming central courtyard opens from drawing-room and is overlooked by bedrooms. This is one example of Sassoon's interest in varied styles.

AN Australian, Colonel Arthur Waite, who has lived in England since the 1914-18 war, has bought the fabulous house, Port Lypne, Hythe, Kent, built by the late Sir Philip Sassoon, English millionaire art connoisseur. It is described as England's most perfect house. During the war it was an R.A.F. and R.A.A.F. mess. Although right in the front line during the Battle for Britain, it remained unscathed. Decorated with exotic lavishness, it has a black and white marble hall as its central feature. Its gardens of unsurpassed beauty were created at enormous cost.



LAPIS LAZULI walls of dining-room have an ingenious black, chocolate, and white frieze.



GOLD AND BLACK marble walls match the gilt ceiling with black frescoes in the drawing-room. Over the fireplace is a mural of two huge elephants.



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TOILET SOAP	FACE POWDER
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when you were born, you'll have life on your lips with
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Suit your lipstick to your natural colouring, to your mood
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easy to apply, so satisfying indelible and its velvety texture is so
flattering. Give your cheeks a harmonizing glow with
Cashmere Bouquet Rouge in the same shade as your lipstick.



HOSTESSES. Mrs. Edward Paton and Mrs. Bill Ryan are giving a dinner dance at 14 Queen's Road on Friday, November 1.



FLEMINGTON flower beds tended by three gardeners, Frank Turner, Jim Collett, jun., and Charles Middleton. Charles has been gardener at Flemingington for 20 years. Jim is son of former head gardener, who died a few months ago after 18 years at Flemingington.



NEW SECRETARY OF THE V.R.C., Mr. Keith Morrison, and Mrs. Morrison snapped in garden of their Toorak home.

Duchess will see Melbourne Cup for first time

Hotels crowded, visitors stay as far as twenty miles away

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will attend the Melbourne Cup next week. It will be the Duchess' first Melbourne Cup, as they did not attend last year, but the Duke saw one in 1934 when he visited Australia during Melbourne's Centenary celebrations.

Their Royal Highnesses, who are making a farewell tour of Victoria, will be guests of the Governor of Victoria (Sir Winston Dugan) and Lady Dugan.

SIR WINSTON and Lady Dugan recently returned from England, bringing their new personal staff. They include the private secretary, Viscount Dunwich, eldest son of the Earl of Stradbroke, Major G. C. Knox, of the Grenadier Guards, Captain John Blood (Royal Marines), Miss Penelope Nettleford, and Mrs. Haselden (who attended Lady Dugan some years ago in Adelaide).

Sir Winston and Lady Dugan will also entertain the Governor of Tasmania (Sir Hugh Binney) and Lady Binney for the Cup. It will be their first official visit to Melbourne.

Hotels are booked to capacity, and visitors are staying as far as 20 miles from the city.

Racecourse manager Mr. Ted Hill promises a blaze of color in the gardens.

"The roses are specially pruned to flower the first week in November," he said.

Gay golden hedge roses adorn the fence from the judge's box to the mauling yard. Deep damask roses are in the Saddling Paddock, and a riot of fragrant blooms of every color festoons the fences bordering the track.

In the five hot-houses near the members' motor park, temperatures are being adjusted so that calceolarias, primulas, schizanthus, and other rare blooms will be at their best to adorn the official rooms.

The man whose pride the gardens had been for 18 years, head gardener Mr. Jim Collett, died recently. His place has been taken by Mr. Bill Williams.

Regrazing of the Saddling Paddock has just been completed for the first time since the war.

Because other courses were used for military purposes, most of the race meetings have been held at Flemington for the past few years, and there has not been time to refurbish the turf between meetings.

A small army of cleaners is ready to tidy up the course between meet-



ATTELY, with owner Mrs. Norman Sharpe and her small daughter Pam, and trainer Bill Cutler, who, because of the cold day, would only allow the horse to poke his head over door of stable.

ings. A road-sweeping broom behind a tractor is used to sweep up all the papers and debris, which are then bagged and sold as waste.

Proceeds go to the Dame Nellie Melba Free Kindergarten, of which Mrs. Hill is president.

First official function for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be on Sunday, November 3, the historic "First Sunday in November" Pioneer Memorial Service at the picturesque little old St. James' cathedral in West Melbourne.

This annual pilgrimage, chosen at a time when country people are in town, is exclusive to direct descendants of the early pioneers.

Batman and Governor Latrobe worshipped in the little cathedral, which was removed from William Street to its present site, brick by brick, and stained window by stained window, about 30 years ago.

Their Royal Highnesses will occupy the crimson-carpeted Governor-General's cedar pew on the right-hand side of the altar



DAUGHTERS of racecourse manager, Robin and Esmel Hill, inspect the calceolarias and primulas grown in course nurseries to decorate official rooms.

material she bought before the war. It is of black muslin, hand-painted with scarlet and pink flowers, and made with an off-the-shoulder fichu and a full skirt.

A striking gown will be worn by Kathleen Grant Hay. It has a slim silver lame bodice, jewel-studded on green, and voluminous emerald silk skirt banded in silver lame.

If the weather is favorable, her Cup frock will be pale blue pique appliqued with daisies, with white accessories. Her sister brought it from America recently.

A gold-brocaded copy of a Schiaparelli model, with a low-cut back and a train, is choice of Mrs. Scobie Mackinnon for the reception. She will be in town at Menzies' with her pastoralist husband from their property, Mooramong, Skipton.

Other Western District guests at the reception will include Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside. They will give a race week dance in honor of their daughter Jennifer at 9 Darling Street.

Another Western District hostess will be Mrs. E. W. Austin, of Beaufort, who is giving a Derby eve dance for daughters Mary and Dawn on Friday, November 1.

One of the most brilliant race carnival functions will be the Victoria League Welcome Home Ball to Sir Winston and Lady Dugan on Friday, November 1, at the St. Kilda Town Hall.

Friday night's gaiety will also include a Derby Eve Ball at The Palms given by the Old Compatibles—ex-students of the Pharmacy College.

Cup Eve gaudies on Monday, No-

CUP CARNIVAL PROSPETS

By CLIFF GRAVES

THE Cup Carnival provides a beautiful musical treat—Caruso, Concerto, and Sweet Chime. Concerto is a long shot for the Derby at Flemington on November 2, Caruso is in the Maribyrnong Plate on the same day, and Sweet Chime might bring off a double in the Wakeful Stakes (November 2) and the Oaks on November 3.

Bernborough's jockey, Athol Mulley, will ride Caruso in the Maribyrnong Plate. Billy Cook, who will ride Concerto and Sweet Chime, won the last Melbourne Cup when he rode the mare Rainbird.

If the Cup this year can be won by a mare it might be New Zealand's crack lady stayer First In. She suffers from a recurring leg affection which slows her down, but if she is right on the day the Cup might be hers.

Other mare tips for the Cup are Kneekarlou and Cherie Marie. Kneekarlou won last year's Australian Cup (two and a quarter miles), and so the Melbourne Cup's two miles will be a mere bagatelle to her. Cherie Marie won last year's Oaks.

Among horses from Adelaide—where last year's winner came from—is Little Tich, which has won the last three starts with big weights and has only a featherweight, 7st. 4lb., in the Cup.

November 4, include big parties which are being given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken at their lovely home in Toorak, and a dance which Mr. and Mrs. Robert Manifold, in town from their Camperdown property, are giving at Grosvenor.

Thirteen women owners, including Victorian Mrs. Norman Sharpe, who owns the famous chestnut colt Attey, nominated horses for the Cup. When Mrs. Sharpe was on holiday in Tasmania three years ago, her husband rang to tell her that he had bought her a yearling, Attey, who now has to his credit ten wins and £11,000 in stake money.

Winner of last year's Melbourne Cup, South Australian Rainbird has been entered by her owner, Mr. Clifford Reid. He will be at Menzies' with Mrs. Reid and his brother, Mr. Malcolm Reid, who has entered Gramplan, winner of the Adelaide Birthday Cup.

Visitors from all States will see the Cup this year. A number are coming from Western Australia, including the president of the Western Australian Turf Club, Mr. W. J. Winterbottom.

CUP FEVER

THE annual Cup fever is about again and temperatures will continue to rise until the crisis on Cup Day.

By about 4 o'clock on that day the fever will have receded, and after half-an-hour of exhausted discussion we will all return to normal.

The Melbourne Cup is the only race that has this effect on Australia, the only one that makes hundreds of thousands of non-racing people really excited.

It turns almost everybody into a punter.

And what hunches, whims, and fancies rule this once-a-year punting! What signs and portents are read from dreams and coincidences!

The inveterate moralist is apt to shake his head earnestly over the orgy of betting. But it's a harmless outbreak. It would be extraordinarily hard to prove that a share in Cup sweeps had started anyone on the downward path.

This year's Melbourne Cup will be a much bigger festival than last year's, which came less than three months after the war's end.

There has been more time to plan and organise the carnival. Royalty will attend. Lovelier clothes will give Cup wardrobes the glamor of prewar years.

The Australian Women's Weekly's Paris fashion parades have given a great fillip to dressing and the shops have been able to offer better and more varied fashions than any since 1939.

Tuesday's excitement will be a happy community affair, linking office boy and managing director, the charlady and her employer.

So let us be gay, and may the best horse win!

New member's determined plan of action

A new member of the House of Representatives, Mrs. Doris Amelia Blackburn, who won the Bourke seat in Victoria as an Independent Labor candidate, will work for an improved social order with what she calls her "chipping away" policy at Canberra.

"It's going to be like the way I've managed my garden and supplied the family with vegetables for the last ten years," she said.

"I've never let a day pass without snatching ten or fifteen minutes' pottering around getting something done, and at the end of a year it adds up to quite a lot of work."

"At Canberra there is a great deal of weed-pulling and turning over new soil to be done if we're going to get anywhere with reconstruction, housing, child welfare, education, and world peace," she added.

These are the problems which make her pioneer blood tingle and turn her thoughts away from the comfort of her own fireside and precious books at her home at Louisa Avenue, Pascoe Vale South.

They are problems which will take her attention, too, from her five loved grandchildren.

In representing Bourke, the seat previously held by her husband, the late Maurice Blackburn, she feels she is carrying on the fight for the principles which guided his life and work.

But, quite distinct from any sentiment, Mrs. Blackburn has a personal satisfaction in her election to Federal Parliament because she feels women have much to contribute to the running of a nation.

The women's suffrage movement captured her imagination just before the last war, when, as Doris Amelia Hordern, a daughter of Lebbeus Hordern, of Deepdene, Victoria, she took up the cudgels on behalf of Miss Vira Goldstein in her bid for a seat in Commonwealth Parliament.

The year was 1913. Also addressing political meetings at this time was a visionary and promising young lawyer, Maurice Blackburn.

They met, and in the following year they were married after he had been elected to the State Parliamentary seat of Essendon.

In bringing up her children, Maurice, Dick, and Louisa, in the years that followed, Mrs. Blackburn dug deep into the study of child welfare and psychology, and took an active part in mothers' clubs and the promotion of creches.

Later she edited the monthly magazine of the Citizens' Education

Fellowship, and was elected president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and became vice-president of the International Peace Campaign.

Mrs. Blackburn had become a member of the Australian Labor Party in 1914, but resigned shortly before the last war.

Her resignation was the result of the A.L.P.'s declaration that no member of the International Peace Campaign could retain membership of the Party.



NEW M.H.R. Mrs. Doris Blackburn photographed in her home in Melbourne. She is widow of the late Maurice Blackburn.

She felt that educational work in the cause of world peace was no important that if a choice had to be made between what she considered her duty and the A.L.P. she was prepared to resign from the latter.

Steeped in the personally gleaned history of early settlers, and vividly remembering the trials recounted by her own grandparents, Mrs. Blackburn finds inspiration in their triumphs over overwhelming difficulties.

"When I am up against a problem I think of the strength of character of my tiny, fragile grandmother who came out from England as a young girl in the very early days," she said.

"Absolutely unequipped for the task, she squared her shoulders and helped grandfather build and fence virgin scrub country in Gippsland and bring up their family at the same time," Mrs. Blackburn explained.

Present-day problems are dif-

ferent, but no greater than those of our pioneers.

"I feel we should tackle them in the same pioneering spirit and conquer little by little every day."

In considering reconstruction Mrs. Blackburn wants to know how the results of present activities are going to affect the nation in 15 years' time.

For instance, with housing she is not only concerned about providing accommodation but in the planning of the architecture.

In many modern, quickly erected homes and flats there is nowhere where small children have space to play or learn how to crawl and walk.

Toddlers now confined to playpens will not have strong limbs when they reach adolescence, she contends.

"The care of children hangs on housing. They must be given somewhere to grow," she said.

She is also determined to plug away at improving conditions for war widows.

"Struggling on inadequate pensions, they are unable to take jobs because there is nowhere for them to leave their children while they are at work," Mrs. Blackburn pointed out.

Mrs. Blackburn is not content with theorising when she talks about creches and kindergartens.

She was the moving spirit behind the building of the Coonan's Hill Kindergarten, just round the corner from her attractive home, when an energetic committee of women got this kindergarten under way to free mothers for war jobs in 1941.

And many a time since, as a registered teacher, she has taken charge of the kindergarten herself during short snatches of time.

Mrs. Blackburn's popularity with children in the district is ace-high, and she laughingly tells the story of how a group of five-year-olds playing with short lengths of wood for guns assailed her car recently.

As she slowed to snail's pace to pass the children, the leader of the band rushed the others off, shouting, "Don't shoot! don't shoot! It's Mrs. Blackburn!"

Her own three children have all carried on the high academic standards set by her and her husband.

Maurice, a Master of Science, is working on marine research with the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Also with the C.S.I.R. is another son, Gerald, who is a Bachelor of Agricultural Science specialising in the study of soil erosion.

Her daughter, Mrs. Louisa Hamilton, recently obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree with honors in philosophy.

Interesting People



MRS. RICHARD TAUBER
... leave from Army work.

IN uniform since 1940, film and stage actress Diana Napier, Mrs. Richard Tauber, is on well-earned leave with her famous singer husband in America, where he has recently made his 250th appearance in "You're My Heart." The only Englishwoman to serve with the Polish Army, Diana served in casualty clearing stations near the front during the last few months of the war. She came here in 1938 with Tauber. Was noted for her lavish and beautiful clothes.



DR. M. S. HALL
... flies to patients

ONLY doctor in Queensland to run his own aeroplane and fly it to and from his surgery, Dr. M. S. Hall, of Toowoomba, received his private flying licence less than a year ago, when 47 years of age. Says: "I get some fun out of flying, much usefulness. Main idea of having my own monoplane is for consultation work, and for urgent operations." Range of his craft is 250 miles. He hopes soon to get a faster machine. To alight he lands on any vacant paddock. He is president of the newly formed Darling Downs Aero Club.



MARY RENALT
wrote prize novel

WINNER of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's £65,000 annual prize for a novel is an English author whose real name is unknown, even to MGM, but who calls herself Mary Renault. She is adamant about hiding her true identity, though her publishers have issued this portrait of her. Her novel, "Return To-night," is about contemporary England. All MGM have been able to find out about her is that she is an Oxford graduate, a trained nurse, and has published three previous novels.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

TOMMY TRINDER — he's funny all the time



TOMMY TRINDER, famous Cockney comedian, now in Australia, discusses details with Harold Moschetti, leader of the Melbourne Tivoli orchestra, at the one rehearsal he had time for before the show opened

Famous Cockney comedian has perfected lively art of being himself

By MARY COLES

When a long, lithe, well-tailored fellow with a sun-tanned face wreathed in wickedly disarming smiles suddenly looks down and makes a wistful plea, "I'm just a Pommy trying to make good," you know you have met Tommy Trinder, famous Cockney comedian. And it's a terrific experience.

The fun begins when on the spur of the moment he innocently adds, "I'm really just like Noel Coward, only he sounds his ditches and I talk like an Aussie."

WHEN I went backstage at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, half an hour before Tommy Trinder's opening performance, scenery was being shifted, hammers were flying, and people were tearing in all directions with everyone in a flat spin except Tommy.

He was yarning to harassed stage hands and tense fellow members of the company, reducing everyone to a state of helpless laughter and good humor with his patter and entreaties not to look worried.

"I've been with the stage all my life," said an old hand, "and I've never struck anyone like him before."

It's behind the footlights that you realise Tommy is not just a professional actor—that he always acts naturally. He has perfected the art of being himself. For instance, there was the lovely little private scene between Tommy, having a last cigarette, and a theatre fireman, just a few minutes before the curtain went up.

Tommy, seeing the fireman coming towards him, danced away over props with the fireman in hot pursuit.

"Excuse me, Mr. Trinder," hesitated the fireman, "but—er—I'm afraid you can't smoke here."

"Oh, oh, I'm terribly sorry," apologised Tommy, hastily taking a couple of final draws before doing a skip and a jump on the butt to make sure it was out. "And please, my name is Tommy, not mister."

"I didn't like having to tell you to put it out," whispered the fireman with genuine regret, "but I have to tell you the rules out here. As you wouldn't know."

"That's all right," beamed the culprit, throwing an arm round the fireman's shoulders and confiding, "It's the same at home, but I have a wonderfully bad memory."

Suddenly wheeling round, Tommy spied the Parker Sisters, and quickly asked me, "Do you know Eula, Maria, and Pat?"

The girls beamed and he chuckled, "Now we all know one another well enough to borrow money from each other."

A scene-shifter hurrying past asked the famous comedian how he had got on at Caulfield, when he celebrated his arrival in Australia by going to the races. Tommy said he saw Bernborough, but backed Caruso because Caruso had been in the show business just the same as himself.

"But when Caruso passed me he turned to smile and lost the race," Tommy ruefully recounted.

"I'm going to see the cricket, too," he said. "Got to have an Englishman at the Tests to shout loudly for them. But it is football that I'm really keen about. Whether the boys are going to win or not is the only real worry I have in the world. And, my word, they did all right on Saturday. Look," he beamed, flourishing a cable from England.

"I am a director of an English professional team, the Fulham Club,



IN DRESSING-ROOM. Mrs. Trinder, the perfect valet, according to her husband, helps him dress

London," he explained, adding: "Yes, me with me football and my little old woman and her obsession for dogs—racing greyhounds—yea, don't look surprised, I always call her 'my old woman.'"

Noticing that charming, blue-eyed, curly grey-haired Mrs. Trinder was suddenly standing beside him, he deliberately winked and said: "We've been married for fifteen years, only it seems a lot longer."

She tossed back a good-natured grimace and burst out laughing.

"That's the whole trouble with my wife," Tommy ranted. "She'll never get cross, and playing rowing by yourself is silly."

"She doesn't laugh at my jokes, either," he said even more proudly. "Laughter is an involuntary action and she has conquered it."

"But," he confided when she was out of hearing, "she is the most wonderful person in the world, does everything for me, from acting as my dresser to personally running our house at home and taking down in shorthand anything amusing I



MRS. TRINDER puts the finishing touches to her husband's make-up before he goes on stage with his Carmen Miranda number.

happen to say and filling it for use later in scripts."

Tommy says he never intentionally makes up jokes.

"They just happen," he explained. Nor does he specialise in making jokes about women.

"Well, at least I would never dream of running down any woman young enough to be appreciated," he answered, unable to resist the opportunity to wisecrack. "Besides, the two most important people in my life were women—my mother and my wife."

Tommy and his wife met on the London stage when she was a dancer and Tommy was a not very well-known comedian. He had been on the stage from the age of twelve as a boy singer, and when his voice broke at fifteen he loved the theatre so much he decided to take up comedy work.

He wanted a job very badly and comedians always seemed in greatest demand.

"I picked the right job for being in demand," he went on. "Why, they even wanted me in the Home Guard during the war."

"As a matter of fact, signing this special autograph for you reminds me of the time I was in the Home Guard," he said, putting away his fountain-pen.

"There was I in the Home Guard, standing with my rifle slung over my shoulder, when a woman came up and asked me for my autograph."

"All right," I said, "hold me rifle."

She did, but the C.O. came along in the middle of it.

"I was for it. But what was the harm? I argued with the C.O.: 'She doesn't know what to do with the rifle and for that matter neither do I.'"

Don't think that Tommy's service began and ended in signing autographs in the Home Guard.

The heavier the bombs fell, the greater became the Trinder wisecracks in areas where the going was toughest.

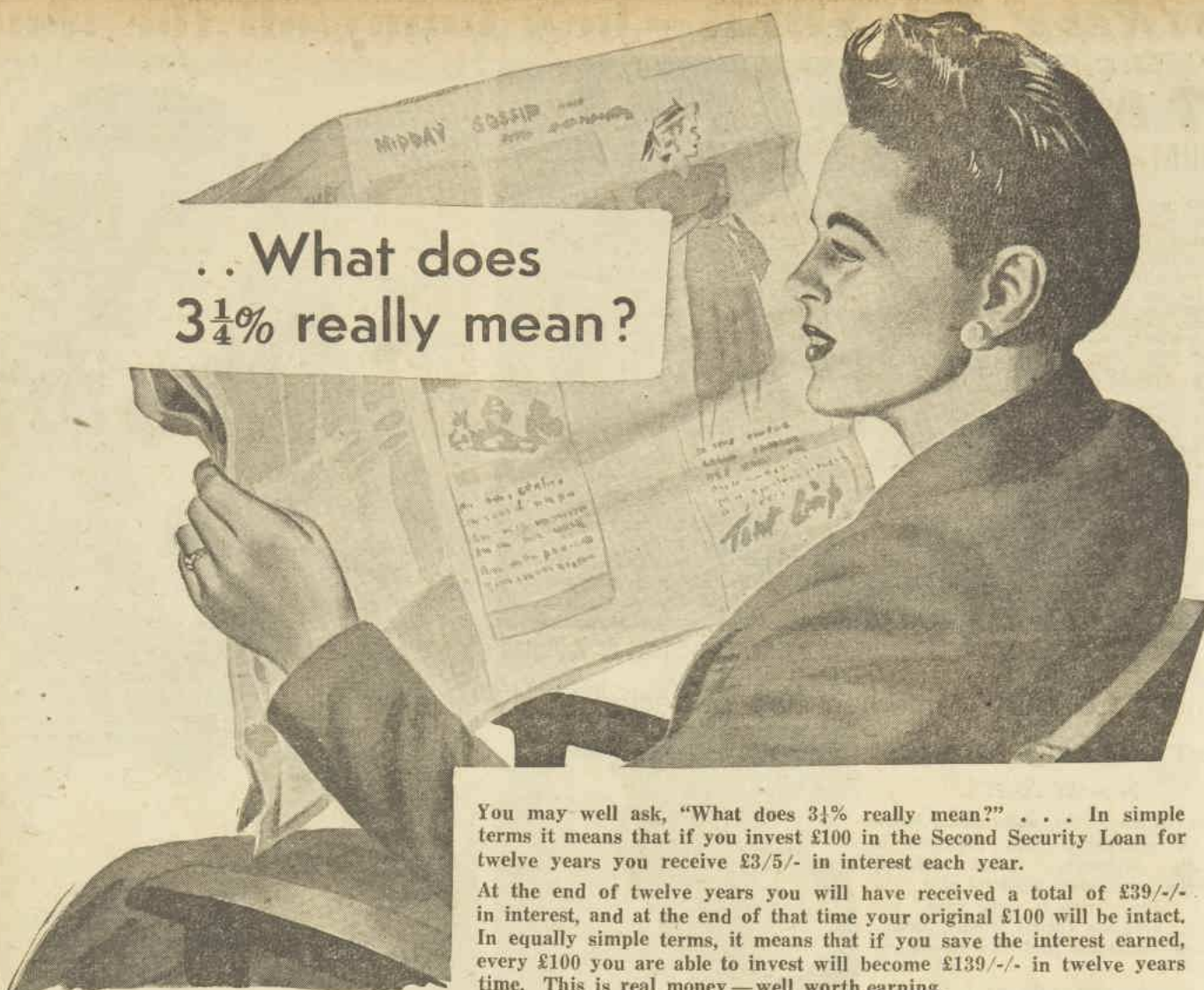
England really got to know and love Tommy Trinder when he persisted in making people laugh through their tears, come what may. Not content with cheering the folks at home, he also toured widely, entertaining troops abroad.

Although he did a lot of broadcasting and made six films during the war years, Tommy doesn't care for any theatrical work but the stage.

"I hate sticking to scripts, I'd rather just go out there and be myself," he said, pointing to the footlights.

"Next to microphones, I hate most people who will persist in talking about themselves. It gives me no chance of getting a word in edgewise about Tommy Trinder."

He called this just as the curtain rang up and, immaculate in cream flannels and cap pulled rakishly over one eye, he sped through the wings on to the stage to bring gurgles of delight and thunderous applause from his first Australian audience.



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4. On your application form credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD times are now ahead for Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions, bringing promotions, improved conditions, and pleasant changes.

Virgoans and Capricornians are also favored, but Taurians, Aquarians, and Leonians should be patient and exercise caution for the next few weeks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Love affairs and big decisions crop up now, and older people can prove helpful with advice. Avoid rashness, however, particularly on Oct. 29 and Nov. 1.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live quietly now. Guard possessions, job, friendships, and ambitions, especially on Nov. 1 (evening), 2, 3, and 4 (to 4 p.m.).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine is best for most Geminians now, although Nov. 1 (evening), 2, 3 (to 2 p.m.), and 3 (early and late) can prove unexpectedly pleasing and helpful.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be on your toes for fortuitous weeks ahead with promises of gains, promotions, and change. Oct. 30, 31, and Nov. 1 poor, but Nov. 4 (after 4 p.m.) and 5 (to 4 p.m.) very good.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Beware distractions now, and keep to routine



"Did you invite someone to dinner, dear?"

work, especially on Nov. 1 (evening), 2, and 3. Avoid all risks and exercise caution.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Modern gains and improvements possible on Oct. 30 (evening), 31, and Nov. 1 (after 11 a.m.), but be cautious for rest of week.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 24): Consolidate past gains now, and don't be too ambitious. Nov. 1 (evening), 2 (sunset hours), and 3 (forenoon to 4 p.m.) all fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Fortune smiles now, to keep busy. Oct. 30 (evening) and Nov. 1 (to midday) good; 2 and 3 poor, 4 (after 4 p.m.) and 5 (to dusk) very helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24 to Dec. 23): Routine tasks prove best now. Oct. 30 (midday and evening), 30 (early and late), and Nov. 1 slightly helpful, but 4 and 5 obstructive.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24 to Jan. 20): Quite bright days are ahead now. Oct. 30 (evening), Nov. 1 (after 11 a.m.) fair, 2 poor, 4 (midday and evening) fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware inductions now, for troubles can result. Oct. 29 (early) poor, Nov. 1 and 2 tricky, 3 and 4 poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Keep busy now, for gains are likely. Make good use of Oct. 30 (evening), Nov. 1, 2 (4 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 4 (after 4 p.m.) and 5 (to 4 p.m.).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: Black and red, page 5, V13 to V34 (V13-16 expires Nov. 17).

SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, F and Q1-3-5-7-9-11.

BUTTER: Co-US and U16 (all Nov. 17).

MEAT: Black and red, J1, K7, L7, N7 (all Nov. 17) and J10, L10, N10 (all Nov. 17); green, C21 and C22 (all Nov. 17). (C23, C24 available Nov. 4).

CLOTHING: Y1-56, Z57-112.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are on the moon. They travelled there with **PROF. THURSBY:** And his beautiful daughter **LAURA:** And are in the city of Lunatopia, which Mandrake saved from destruction by master machines, which ran amuck.

AMON: A handsome moon-man, tells them about strange beings called fire people, who live at the moon's core, which has the temperature of a blast furnace. Mandrake, Lothar, and the Professor don transparent metal suits and descend to the moon's core with

GARO: A wicked moon-man, and **HYRA:** Who, with Garo, plots to shut the visitors in the terrible inferno. **NOW READ ON:**



AT THE MOON'S CORE, MANDRAKE AND PARTY INVESTIGATE THE FIRE WORLD, NOT KNOWING THEY'VE BEEN STRANDED BY TREACHEROUS MOON-MEN.



IT'S LIKE A BLAST FURNACE DOWN HERE! WE'D BE SHRIVELLED TO CINDERS IN A SECOND, WITHOUT THESE SUITS!



FIRE PEOPLE! LIVING IN THIS HEAT! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES, MANDRAKE!



THEY'D PROBABLY FREEZE INSTANTLY IN OUR NORMAL TEMPERATURES!



WHO CAN THEY BE?

THEY MUST BE MOON-MEN OF THE OUTER SURFACE. IT'S BEEN GENERATIONS SINCE ANY OF THEM HAVE COME HERE.



DO YOU COME IN PEACE, MOON-MAN OF THE OUTER SURFACE?

YES, IN PEACE. WE ARE FRIENDS, BUT WE ARE NOT MOON-MEN. WE ARE FROM THE EARTH.



EARTH? WHAT DO THEY MEAN? THERE IS NO SUCH PLACE!

THEY MUST BE MOON-MEN. WHY DO THEY LIE?

IT IS A TRICK! THEY MUST HAVE SOME EVIL PURPOSE! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!



AND BALLS OF FIRE ARE HURLED AT MANDRAKE BY THE STRANGE, SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE OF THE MOON'S CORE!

TO BE CONTINUED



*"My Limousine has had its day,"
Her ladyship was heard to say,
"I simply could not stand the fuss
Of riding in a vulgar 'bus.
For fussy folks like me—and you,
There's only one thing left to do—
Go cycling; but, if going far—*

You'd be better on a

Malvern Star

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G

GEORGE slammed the telephone down again. He cleared off his desk and took the bus out to Brown Street. There he found Virgil perched up in his tree, reading a magazine.

"Looks as though I should have done a better job on that fence," he said.

"Niggard," she taunted.

Throwing down her magazine she began the descent. Her hands slipped and she hurtled the last few feet into George's outspread arms. MacTosh, jealously watching from his own yard, barked in protest.

George said, "He makes a good chaperone."

Virgil drew away from him, suddenly shy. Blushing became her. There was something pristine and fresh about her that reminded George of lambs gambolling on pastoral meadows and the first crocuses of spring. He felt for her an affection that was warm and brotherly. And he told himself, safe.

"Mayfair went over big," he said.

"Oh, George, that's lovely!"

"How about helping me celebrate to-night?"

"I'd love to, George, only Morton's coming over." She picked up her magazine. "For bridge. We were going to ask you to make a fourth, but if you've other plans—"

George hadn't. He went over to the house next door that evening and played bridge. He partnered Aunt Hattie, who turned out to be a card shark, and they beat Virgil and Morton hollow. Morton didn't like it.

"Another grand slam," Aunt Hattie gathered up the cards triumphantly. She sniffed at a bitter naphtha-like odor of coal gas seeping out from the kitchen. "That stove's getting worse. The gas company sent out a new tap, but the man hasn't come to install it yet, and I'm afraid—"

"Let's have a look at it," George said.

The meter hung high on the kitchen wall, near the ceiling. While George procured a wrench from his workshop, Virgil unearched a dubious-looking stepladder. She warned, "It's pretty rickety. I . . . Morton, will you come and hold it for him, please?"

Morton, out in the sitting-room hunting for a radio programme, affected not to hear her.

Redheaded Girl Next Door

Continued from page 10

"Don't trouble him," George said. He climbed the ladder and applied the wrench to the lug of the meter cock. The wrench slipped. George and the ladder went into a sudden violent tailspin.

"George!" Virgil cried. "Are you hurt?"

Sprawled amid the wreckage of the ladder and the shattered bulk of a bracket lamp that had got in his way, George blinked at her bemusedly and took swift stock. "Yes," he answered. "My ankle."

"It's his own fault," Morton accused. "The clumsy goon ought to have—"

Virgil swung on him. "Morton, please go away." She drew a hard whistling breath indicative of supercharged emotion. "Go away, quickly!"

Morton did.

George essayed to rise, propping himself against the wall on his sound leg. "I'd better go home, too," he declared.

"Oh, dear," Aunt Hattie dithered. "I'll get an ice bag."

"Can you walk?" Virgil inquired anxiously. "Try putting your arm over my shoulder."

George obeyed, finding that shoulder a most agreeable means of support. Aided by her he hopped across to his own house and sank down on the living-room couch. Virgil helped him remove his shoe and sock and examined the ankle.

"It doesn't look much swollen, George."

"Give it time," George suggested.

"Here's the ice bag," Aunt Hattie said. "You poor boy! Does it hurt much?"

"Not so very much," George said. Murmuring something about getting brandy, Aunt Hattie went out. Virgil picked up the telephone. "I'll call a doctor."

"Hey," said George. "There's no great hurry. I'll call him myself later."

"Oh," said Virgil.

Setting down the telephone slowly, she came over to the couch and rearranged the ice bag. Suddenly she grabbed the injured ankle. Surprised though he was, George reacted swiftly; his howl of anguish fairly brought down the ceiling. Unfortunately he uttered it just a couple of seconds too late.

"So!" Virgil said. Her hands were planted firmly on her slim hips, her eyes darting turquoise fire. "You faker," Virgil said. "You fraud. You—oh, you indescribable snake in the grass."

"Now wait a minute," George pleaded, alarmed. "I didn't intend—I didn't mean—"

"Mean is the word to fit you," Virgil said. "I can believe anything of you now. I believe you did kick MacTosh. Whining and playing hurt! And to think of the way you made the treat poor Morton. Why, you—"

An instant later George discovered that an ice bag, snatched up and wielded blackjack fashion, makes a formidable weapon. Particularly if it bursts on contact, showering the victim with chilly water.

Limp and dejected, George heard his front door being slammed hard. He hobbled to the bathroom and towelled himself abstractedly. He had just made a stupendous discovery. He was in love all right. But not with Rita. With Virgil Bond.

IT shocked George that the change-over could have taken place so quickly, so imperceptibly, and above all so completely. He was no philanderer. He could not understand how in the space of one week he had come to transfer his affections so utterly from one girl to another.

And utterly was the word for it. Rita, to him now, was nothing but an unhappy memory. Virgil was the girl he loved, the girl he wanted. And it had become appallingly clear that Virgil was the girl he wasn't going to get.

He hadn't intended to swing the lead. His ankle had hurt excruciatingly at first. How was he to know it was only a slight wrench instead of a severe sprain? But Virgil thought he had tried deliberately to play on her sympathy, and she would not forgive him for that. She would make up again with insufferable Morton. She—

Suddenly he dropped the towel. "The meter cock!" he thought. He hadn't shut it off. The house

next door was filling with gas.

He jammed on his shoe and hastened outside. The lower windows of the Bond house were all darkened, but lights still gleamed in the upper story. George went up the moonlit path at a dot-and-carry run.

He was climbing the steps when the explosion came—a booming concussion that struck him with the soft, jarring impact of a feather mattress. George wrenched open the door and scuttled down the dark fume-drenched hall. Upstairs he could hear Aunt Hattie screaming lustily, but Virgil—where was Virgil?

There, beside the window square of moonlight, prone on the kitchen floor.

George picked her up in his arms and staggered back to the sitting-room. She turned out to be a surprisingly hefty burden. He barely made the couch, where he let her down with a thump that strained every spring. Yet she made no move, no sound.

It frightened him, and he dropped on his knees beside her. "Virgil! Are you all right?"

The screaming had ceased, and hasty feet were padding down the stairs. With a faint moan the figure within his arms stirred. Gratitude surged through George.

"My darling!" he cried. "Virgil, my sweetheart!" His behaviour, he was vaguely aware, had swerved wildly from its normal pattern; the gas was getting in its levitating effect. "I love you, Virgil! Speak to me, dearest!"

She spoke. Squirming convulsively to break away from his embrace, Aunt Hattie gasped, "Young man, what goes on? Have you lost your senses?"

A SWITCH clicked and light sliced into the room. Whirling, George saw Virgil in the doorway. She looked very lovely and appeared to be tottering on the verge of hysteria. And he had thought . . . but it is hard to identify a woman by a scream.

Aunt Hattie climbed unsteadily to her feet. "This world!" she exclaimed. "I don't know what it's coming to. When a respectable woman of my years can't turn on the electric stove in her own kitchen to make herself a cup of cocoa without waking up to—Well! I'm going back to my room."

She went, weaving a little, but proceeding indomitably under her own steam.

George said to Virgil, "I guess I made a prize fool of myself. And I guess you heard."

"It was the gas," said Virgil kindly. "And it's still escaping."

George took a cake of soap from the sink and plugged up the leaking tap. "So that's the way," Virgil commented. "You know all the answers, don't you, George?"

"All but one," said George. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes," Virgil said.

The glowing coil of the hot-plate caught George's eye. He snapped off the switch. "That's what touched off the gas when Aunt Hat—Virgil! You said 'Yes!'"

"Yea, George," Virgil said again.

"I can't believe this," said George. He caught her in his arms and kissed her. He felt on his lips her answering kiss. Simultaneously he felt in his injured ankle a tingling stab as though MacTosh had bitten him. A familiar snarl drew his eyes downward.

MacTosh had bitten him.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Cinemas run for benefit of community

THE picture theatres at Stawell and Woodend in Victoria are run by the townspeople for the benefit of the town, an idea much to be commended.

In Stawell the theatre is staffed by townspeople who give their services free. Proceeds go to various town organisations, such as the Progress Association.

The result is that people in these towns have a personal interest in their theatres.

They know when they pay their admission fee that they will not only get a night's entertainment but, eventually, get their money back, for it will be spent for the benefit of the town, which is themselves.

St to E. B. Thomas, 18 Main St., Stawell, Vic.

Racks in buses, trams

SO many people have to stand in buses and trams going to and coming from work that it would be a great convenience if there were racks similar to those in trains for cases and parcels which are a constant nuisance to straphangers.

St. to Mrs. J. Munro, 277 New St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

Exact amount

I AM an old-age pensioner and frequently when I buy cheese or bacon the grocer cuts it ounces over the amount I ask for, although even I, who have never been behind a

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 11. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

counter, can tell it is too much. I get only black looks when I ask for the extra to be taken off and am charged for the extra. Grocers should be compelled to serve customers with the exact amount asked for.

St. to Kate Chudleigh, 102 Ninth Ave., Maylands, W.A.

Lowdown trick

DOCTORS agree that an upright position doing housework saves fatigue; yet kitchen tables, wash-tubs, sinks, ironing tables, and



cupboards with working surfaces are all made to a standard height, causing most tall and even medium women to stoop constantly. They should be made to suit tall, medium, and short women.

St. to Mrs. I. Morris, Belair, S.A.

To see war graves

MRS. ROTHWELL (5/10/46) suggests migrants should have help to go home to England to see their relatives. I think if a concession in the fare to Britain were to be allowed, priority should be given to the mothers and wives whose sons and husbands are buried in Europe.

Many would like to visit these war graves, but the high cost of the journey forbids it. A concession for them on the part of the shipping companies would be a great gesture.

St. to Mrs. M. Henry, Fullerton Cove, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

Australian films

FILM production in Australia is carried out on a ridiculously small scale compared with other countries. To encourage local studios to increase their output the Commonwealth Government should award a prize to the producer of the best Australian film made in the next twelve months.

Results of a similar contest sponsored by the Government, from 1930 until 1936, were very satisfactory.

St. to T. H. Gett, 60 Roslyn St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

Risk-pay for nurses

NURSES should get risk pay. They are constantly exposed to the possibility of catching illnesses from their patients in the course of their service to humanity. Miners will not go down a mine until they are sure each man is covered by the assurance of risk money, so why should not nurses refuse to work until they, too, are covered by risk pay?

St. to Mrs. E. M. Foote, 14 North Terrace, Hackney, S.A.

It's that lovely CHIFFON effect -



See your skin take on new fineness, new smoothness, new youthful colour with CHIFFON FACE POWDER!

Use very little; smooth it on carefully and evenly, studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder-base or none at all.

Chiffon

FACE POWDER 2/5



SYDNEY • LONDON AND STONEY

AC. 11.26



ENGLISH BRIDE. Mrs. Raymond Murphy leaving St. Mark's with her husband, Squadron-Leader Murphy. Bride formerly Mrs. Betty Marate, London. She was secretary to commensurator Quentin Reynolds.



SNAPPED IN MELBOURNE. Mrs. "Jum" Falkner (left), Mrs. Ron Payne, who was Dodie Falkner, and Deidre Dalton, of Kangarooie, Orange, who is engaged to Mr. T. Falkner. Mrs. Falkner formerly Betty Heaphy.



PRETTY DEB. Marion Morris chats to her partner, Alan Bull, before being presented at the Sydney Hospital Ball at the Trocadero. Both Marion and Alan are medical students at Sydney University.

Intimate Gittings

OLD man Cupid has certainly been active in Yass, and this November three of the town's handsome young bachelors will marry three pretty girls and join the "young marrieds" group.

Three weddings will take place in Sydney and Yass guests invited to attend will have a hectic week catching up with them all—not to mention the ever-present feminine problem of "what to wear!"

First to "go off" is Doug Shannon, who marries Elizabeth Love at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on November 19. Elizabeth is daughter of the Robert Loves, of Yarrabundie, Trundle, and Doug is fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shannon, of Marilba, Bowning, near Yass.

TWO days later, on November 21, polo player Owen Merriman and attractive Sydney lass Pam Scrivener will wed at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Pam, who is the only daughter of the P. E. Scriveners, of Darling Point, will have three young cousins, Audrey, Margaret, and Patricia Watt, as her attendants. Bob Prince will be best man to Owen, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass.

Owen and Pam will have their reception at Ranchiff and after their honeymoon will return to make their home at Yass.

SHORE CHAPEL chosen by titian-haired Barbara Mognie for her marriage with John Smith, only son of Mrs. A. O. Smith, of Vale Beder, Yass, and the late Mr. Smith, on November 23. Barbara is younger daughter of Mrs. H. B. Mognie, of Wollstonecraft and the late Mr. A. H. Mognie. Her sister Betty and John's sister Elizabeth will be bridesmaids. Victor Maxwell and Bruce Laing will attend John. Party will be held afterwards at Pickwick Club.

CHAIN of real flowers worn as shoulder-straps with those off-the-shoulder evening frocks is charming fashion of the moment with very younger set.

Dolphin straps offset Early Victorian cream lace frock chosen for pretty Margaret Nicholson for her coming-of-age party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Nicholson, of Roseville.

One hundred guests celebrated occasion.

PARTY at home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McKenna, North Bondi, to celebrate their daughter Barbara's engagement to Percival Jones, who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Jones, of North Bondi.



TEA FOR TWO. Muriel Steinbeck, Australian stage and screen star, chats with Mrs. H. P. Fitzsimons at the Kindergarten Union's tearooms, Spring Street, about the Aquarium Society's Show to be held at McCathies on November 4 to November 9, in aid of the Kindergarten Union.

MARRIAGE of Judy Johnston Harvey and Norman Lucas is culmination of romance, which started when bride met the bridegroom when the first Australian hospital ship went into Singapore. Norman, who is the younger son of Mrs. A. E. Frame, of Pinhoe Devon and London, and the late Mr. F. W. W. Lucas, was a British P.O.W. Judy was to fly up to Singapore for her wedding, but Norman obtained two months' furlough and arrived in Sydney to be married at St. Anne's, Strathfield. Judy is daughter of the W. J. Hardys, of Strathfield.

At conclusion of their honeymoon, Judy and Norman will return to Kuching, Sarawak, where they will make their home.

INTERESTING letter from Mrs. Charles Wolf arrives from America. Mrs. Wolf, who was formerly Marjorie Schmidt, of Glen Innes, arrives in America last July with her baby son Robert to join her husband.

"We are making our home in Ballston Spa, New York—Ballston Spa is the airport for Saratoga, the great racing and gambling town in America," writes Marjorie. One of her husband's partners and his wife gave her a welcoming reception in the form of a cocktail and barbecue party upon her arrival and during the evening presented her with a gift of two pairs of nylons... so no wonder Marjorie is enthusiastic about life in America!

HAPPY COUPLE. John Parker and his bride, formerly Dr. Jean Palmer, leave St. Philip's, Church Hill. John and Jean leave for England this week, where Jean will do postgraduate work in medicine, and where John has been transferred by his firm. Jean will be ship's doctor on the Port Fairy on the way across.

EVELYN HOUSTON chooses St. Jude's, Randwick, for her marriage with Ernest Morrow, of Melbourne. Bride, who is sixth daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Houston, of Croydon, is attended by her sister, Mrs. Roland Foster, as matron of honor. Her brother-in-law, Roland Foster, gives her away.

AIRMAIL letter from England tells me of wedding of Nora Byrne and Major Gordon Burns. Nora, formerly of Bondi, left here last year with her sister Maureen to join the Wasles in India, and there she met her husband, who is late of the Burma Rifles. Couple chose the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Aberdeen, Gordon's home town. Nora writes, "You'll notice I've not really changed my name—only the spelling," and adds that she and Gordon are returning to Burma soon, where Gordon will go back to his firm in Rangoon.

SPENDING honeymoon at Cairns, Queensland, are the Dennis Walshes, of Bungarellong, Cowra, who were married recently at St. Raphael's Church, Cowra. Mrs. Walsh formerly Moya Purcell, of The Curragh, Woodstock.

DATES for your diary. November 5: Grecian Ball at Trocadero in aid of N.S.W. Benevolent Society and N.S.W. Greek Community Funds.

Rustle of Spring Cavalcade of Fashion at City Hall, Newcastle, on November 5 and 6 in aid of £50,000 appeal for a boys' hostel and clubrooms.

joye



ENGAGED. Patricia Anne Murphy and her fiance, Leslie Mottershead, snapped in Hyde Park. Patricia is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, of Crenorne, and Leslie is second son of the Frank Mottersheads, of Mosman.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Jim Feehan, Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Margaret Hughes, cut their wedding cake at reception at Margaret's home, following ceremony at St. Camille's. Margaret burned her legs badly four days before marriage, and was carried to the church for ceremony.



HONEYMOONERS. Peter and Patsy White, snapped at the Australia Hotel. Couple recently married at Moss Vale. Patsy is daughter of Mrs. John Crawford, of Jervis Bay, and Peter is younger son of late Mr. and Mrs. James White, of Edinglassie, Muswellbrook.

Week-end Wife

Continued from page 5

BY dinner-time he would be starving, caught up with his sleep, and eager for a bright evening's entertainment. Nan thought of her old room at home, of the sun pouring through the crisp, ruffled curtains, of her bed with its smooth blue counterpane. Her throat tightened, and, anyhow, she had to have this talk with her mother.

She shut the door on last night's aftermath, locking it. Nan sat rigid in the bus, her eyes aching.

But Mum would say for her and Smoke to come home to live, of course, until Smoke felt more settled.

Just putting it up to Mum, though, would be admitting a lot of things. It would be admitting that probably she and Smoke had been a little young for marriage, and that maybe they should have waited until Smoke had come back and settled into a job.

It would be admitting that war marriages were a risk, at best, because, as Mum and Dad had said, men didn't always come back the same. There was more than a limp that was different about Smoke. There was the taut look in his eyes, his quick flare-ups, his dread of being ten minutes in the same place, the little nerve twitching in his cheek.

Yes, going home to live until Smoke settled down would be admitting a lot of things, but she simply couldn't take any chances with her life just now.

At home, the living-room curtains were drawn against the sun, and the room was clear and cool, ordered and sweet. Walking on through the dining-room, Nan stopped in the kitchen doorway. Her mother was just lifting a batch of little cakes from the oven.

"Dad and I thought we'd picnic out for lunch to-morrow," she said, serene and neat as a pin in her starched print frock.

Nan tipped a bottle of milk from the refrigerator into a glass and, dropping down at the kitchen table, she took a bite out of a cake.

"How I hate to cook!" she said; and, chuckling, her mother said "But you do like to eat."

Over the glass of milk, Nan looked around the sunny, spotless kitchen.

"You look tired, dear," her mother remarked.

"I'm dead," Nan said. "Too much night life, but Smoke's got to be on the go all the time."

"It will take time, Nan, for Smoke to relax," her mother said. "But you'd think he'd be tired now that he's working."

"He left the new job yesterday," Nan said.

The pink in her mother's cheeks faded a little as she stood there looking at Nan for a minute, but all she said was, "Oh!"

"It means I'll have to hang on to my job," Nan said, "but I can't work and keep house too."

"But it's such a little place, dear," her mother said. "If you'd work out a system, and—"

"System! With Smoke?" Nan said. "It's the cooking that bothers me. Mum, you wouldn't take a

couple of boarders, would you? I've got to get rid of one job or the other. Mr. Barlow hinted about it this morning."

"Boarders?" Her mother was lining a box with grease-proof paper, packing cakes into it.

"I might suggest it to Smoke's mother," Nan said.

This was a joke. Smoke's mother had been against the war marriage too, but underlying her concern was the fact that she had had other plans for Smoke. Plans that included Jane Sumner.

"Smoke's mother would take him back," Nan said, "but I'd be Orphan Annie."

"She'd probably say it takes effort for two people to live together, and I doubt if she'd see why she should make the effort."

"I can just hear her saying it," Nan said.

Her mother shut the box of cakes. She laughed. "Of course if Smoke's mother decides to withdraw her entry we'll just have to take ours back!" Handing the box to Nan, she said, "For Smoke!"

Nan felt a sinking in her stomach. Quite plainly, her mother was telling her that if worse came to worst, Nan would come home, of course, but the effort to live together was up to Nan and Smoke. The slash of lipstick stood out in stark contrast to Nan's pallor as she fell back on a light touch to say, "Well, I'll be getting back. It'll be dinner-time before I get our place cleaned up. I just thought I'd drop in, and thanks for—for the doughnuts."

She was too shaken to stop and shop for Sunday dinner. She thought Smoke can have dinner with his mother to-morrow, and I'll sleep.

Smoke hadn't come back when she arrived home. Nan started to gather up the bedclothes from the floor, and then she was face down on the rumpled bed, her head buried in the pillow. The deep-drawn sobs finally turned into hiccupes, her eyelids drooped, and she was dead to the world.

A key turning in the lock awakened her, and she sat up in bed. Smoke stood in the doorway, his coat over his arm, his hat jauntily askant.

"Hello," he said. "How are you doing?"

The limp was more noticeable as he came to drop down on the bed beside her, and Nan's heart wrapped itself around him. She pushed his hat back and ran her fingers through the crisp sweep of his hair. The little nerve began to twitch in his cheek as he sat there looking round.

"This is a hole, isn't it?" he said. The windows looked out on an inner court as dark and dank as a tomb. The room was gloomy in the half-light.

"If you'd try to get interested in a job, Smoke," Nan said, "you'd be as tired at night as I am, and—"

Smoke's eyes blazed. He said, "If you think that I'm going to be Jim Cobb's messenger boy for the rest of my life—"

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Nan was suddenly blazing back at him.

"Not so long as I'll punch a typewriter and keep house into the bargain and—"

"A lot of housekeeping you do," Smoke said. "If it weren't for mother I'd starve to death."

It couldn't be—oh, it couldn't! She and Smoke couldn't be sitting there on the bed, lashing out at each other with their tongues, cutting each other to the very heart. Only such a little while ago they'd said they didn't care where they lived, or how, as long as it was together.

WORTH Reporting

AS IF WE WOULD

NOW is the time to risk our annual five bob (Plus two bob in the office sweep, and one late sixpence)

We, the non-gambling legion, unaware Of finer points of form.

Ah, not for us the Bernboroughs, the Phar Laps, The odds-on favorites, admire them as we may.

Our dreams are woven round Old Rowleys, Wotans;

A rank outsider is our cup of tea.

For, if he wins, we have the double pleasure: First, a few pounds for shillings, and thereafter

The tale to tell, always with the addendum Of how we might have got rich quick if only—

We'd plunged—and bet five pounds.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

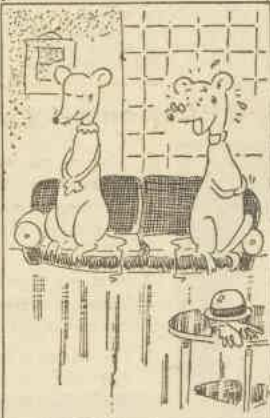
Uplifting job

WE got some interesting angles on sweater girls when we talked to professional photographer Ray Leighton, of Sydney. During the ten years since he started commercial photography he has shot 2000 pictures of girls in sweaters for knitting books and advertisements. He quotes 33in. to 34in. as the ideal bust measurement.

"They talk a lot about Lana Turner as America's No. 1 sweater girl," he said, "but after my experience in the game I think many Australian models are far ahead of her."

"The outstanding sweater-girl model I know is Norma Geneave." (Miss Geneave was one of the

Animal Antics



"Now that we're alone, may I smoke?"

Sunday Telegraph Beach Girls for 1946.)

"Malde Hahn and Audrey Rowe are other excellent models."

Ray's first sweater girls were Joy Howarth, now in Hollywood, and Margaret Vyner, who achieved film successes in London and married English film star Hugh Williams.

Compliment to Ray's ability as a photographer in this line of business and to Sydney models is that Melbourne knitting firms send their jumpers to Sydney for Ray to photograph on the local belles.

Teetotallers

OUR London office reports that the women of Clondorf in Gloucestershire are agitating for a teetotal public house.

They say they want somewhere that will be a club for their teenage children, where they can play darts and meet their friends and have meals and coffee.

They want a piano among the furnishings so that the youngsters can sing and dance, and they want feed fruit drinks and ice-creams to be on sale there.

In fact, they want all the amenities of "the local" without the alcohol.

TWO Adelaide brothers, one a cellist with the Symphony Orchestra and the other a fiddle player, have discovered an acoustically perfect "hall"—a parking station on North Terrace which they've taken over.

In between customers they practise to their hearts' content, and, although business is a novelty for them, they're proud of the fact that their music isn't keeping clients away.

Hospital on wheels

THE Victorian Railways Department has built a hospital on wheels on a three-ton Army truck. In the event of a train accident, the truck can be sent to the spot immediately.

It measures 18ft. by 8ft., and was designed by the chief ambulance officer, Mr. W. Blackburn, in consultation with the chief medical officer and engineers.

The medical equipment is so complete that 300 patients could be treated, blood transfusions given, and even major operations performed. A 30ft. tarpaulin, which is carried on the cabin roof, can be fully extended, transforming the ambulance into an operating theatre.

Lighting is supplied by six portable reflector headlamps, and lights are built into the vehicle. Besides these there are hand lamps.

Besides all the medical requirements, equipment has also been supplied for rescue crews—axes, spades, ropes, and flameproof torches for searching under trains and among wreckage.

The "hospital on wheels" is manned by a trained team of ambulance men who are always ready for duty.

Innocents abroad

IF you're motoring along North Coast highways between Wauchope and Brisbane within the next week and you spot two girl hitchhikers—please for OUR sake take their hand and turn them gently round in the direction of Wauchope.

The girls—friends of a friend of ours—plan to cover the 394 miles from Wauchope to Brisbane in seven days.

All bright-eyed with the idea of "really seeing the country, sleeping out under the stars, cooking chops by the roadside," they set out from Wauchope a few days ago.

Hand in hand they walked towards the setting sun, wearing brand-new shoes, beautifully cut shorts with blouses to tone, and carrying a great weighty pack containing, among other ecceteras, celanese pyjamas, a ground sheet, cooking utensils, a hand-mirror, powder compact, and a pound of sausages.

In our last-minute efforts to persuade them to forget the whole thing in favor of a nice stroll along the beach promenade, we asked the girls if they had a road map.

"Gosh, no! We tried everywhere for one," said one of the kids disconsolately, then beaming brightly, "but we were lucky enough to get a beautifully bound atlas."

See what we mean!

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"It started out as a good deed, but it's developed into steady employment for the summer!"

Please turn to page 28

Quiz winners take a turn at asking questions

How many of their twenty teasers can you answer?

Quizzing is an ideal form of education by recreation according to the winning quiz team in the first of the Commonwealth's national quizzes run in connection with the Second Security Loan.

The Australian Women's Weekly asked each of the four members of the team to write five questions and answers for readers. Their questions appear on this page and answers are on page 28.

"ONCE you become interested in quiz sessions you find yourself querying things you formerly dismissed or took for granted," explained Newport Railway Workshops sign-writer Mr. George Morris.

"The habit of asking 'why' is one of the healthiest traits

that can be developed in a nation," said Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris considers that quiz sessions are an incentive for people to keep abreast of everyday affairs all over the world, in addition to being familiar with their own country and what has gone before.

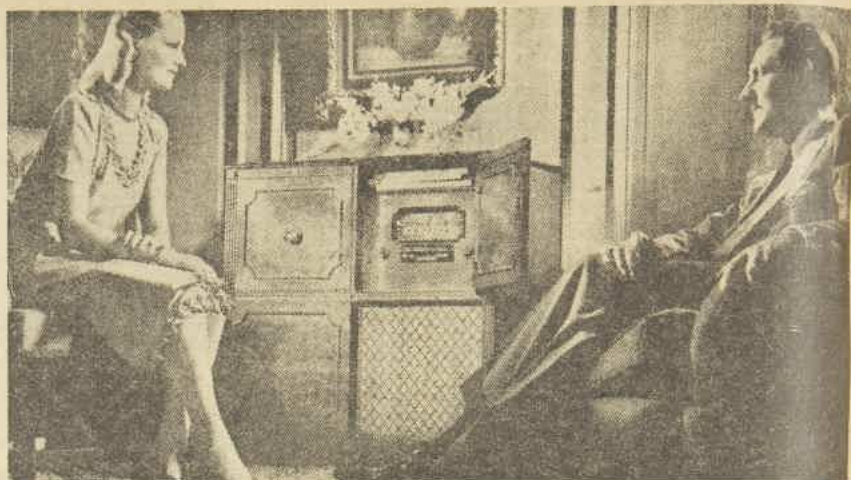
"After all, it is not much good a man being able to rattle off a screed about Julius Caesar if he can't tell you what is the present political set-up in Greece.

"In developing an inquiring turn of mind, quizzes can train a nation to think instead of just accepting whatever it is told."

Mr. Morris is an old hand at the game. He has taken part in hundreds of sessions over the past six years.

He says that he is not a book-worm, but has a retentive memory for anything which seems interesting.

South Yarra engineer Mr. Frank Wilkinson, too, was agreed that quiz sessions are of enormous benefit in broadening a man's outlook and bringing home to individuals just



LISTENING TO THE RADIO. This couple is typical of the thousands of Australians who listened to the Commonwealth first Loan Quiz, and are showing keen interest in the current challenge series.

how little they really know about the world they live in.

"Once the thirst for a wider knowledge had been stimulated, a person was jolted from a groove and life correspondingly enriched," he said.

Mr. Wilkinson feels that the popularity of quiz sessions is due to the element of suspense and intense personal interest radio listeners take in the questions put to competitors.

He entered for his first quiz nine years ago, but did not compete again until he entered for this series.

Although Mr. Wilkinson is a former New Zealand schoolmaster and was University educated, he is not in favor of quiz questions which could be called highbrow.

Questions which can only be an-

swered by specialists defeat their purpose by appealing to only a very small public, he said.

This is also the opinion of Mr. H. S. Buchanan, of the Department of Supply, another member of the winning team.

He believes the ideal quiz is composed of general knowledge questions which the average person listening-in feels he could or should be able to answer.

He also thinks quiz sessions help to provide young people with a mature background.

Students are encouraged to supplement their school reading, while older folk are kept mentally alert and on their toes about present-day happenings instead of letting their minds dwell too much in the past.

Mr. Buchanan unhesitatingly fired off his quiz and the answers

in three minutes, the only time he could spare from his job.

Former R.A.A.F. Flying-Officer G. N. B. Sim, who is now back at his job as tank teller at Newmarket, finds quiz sessions tremendously entertaining and a wonderful medium for reaching a wide public ready to be educated provided schooling is bright.

He thinks they are a powerful factor in stimulating a thirst for knowledge.

Mr. Sim became interested in quiz shows on his return from New Guinea. The Commonwealth Loan quiz was the first competition he has ever entered.

He was induced to go in for the competition by his wife, who grew tired of him listening to quizzes at home and usually beating radio quiz contestants to their answers.

Couldn't Answer That One

OUR representative found the heel of Achilles when interviewing the four walking encyclopaedias who won the first Commonwealth Quiz Championship.

When one contestant was casually asked how long he had been married he looked blank, fidgeted, and blushed with embarrassment.

"Well, I think you've gonked me," he said.

"It's a number of years, but to be quite frank I'm not sure."

"Don't mention my name or I will not only be gonked but dinged—by my wife," he added hastily.

Mr. Frank Wilkinson asks you:



- 1 One of the world's most remarkable animals has the long name of "Ornithorhynchus anatinus." What is its common name, and where is it found?
- 2 Have you heard of K2? Is it a chemical element; an insecticide; a mountain; a new brand of cigarettes?
- 3 The women's Australian record for 100 yards is held by four Australian girls. What is their time for the distance?
- 4 What is an icosahedron?
- 5 In which year was Canberra finally selected as the site of Federal Parliament?

Mr. G. N. B. Sim asks you:



- 1 What is a jabiru?
- 2 Royalty excepted, what are the six hereditary titles in use in the British Empire?
- 3 Which English monarch had seventeen children, none of whom succeeded to the throne?
- 4 Which Australian racehorse holds the stake-winning record for two-year-old horses for Australasia?
- 5 New York and Chicago are the two most populous cities of U.S.A. What is the third most populous city in that country?

Mr. G. E. Morris asks you:



- 1 The clothes moth is often found in wardrobes on clothing. Is the moth or its larva responsible for eating the clothes?
- 2 What is the approximate length of the Australian coast?
- 3 Who was the first woman to be decorated with the Order of Merit?
- 4 The Davis Cup is for men only. Name the most important tennis contest for women only.
- 5 How did the English Crown come to lose Hanover, which was ruled over by George I of England and his successors?

Mr. H. S. Buchanan asks you:



- 1 Name the Japanese island on which Kure is situated.
- 2 Repeat the second verse of God Save the King.
- 3 On which Samoan island did Robert Louis Stevenson spend the last four years of his life?
- 4 Who wrote the words of "Drink to me only with thine eyes"?
- 5 Name the second-last book of the Old Testament.

Answers will be found on page 28.



CLASSIC side-sweep with high bang, ribbon-like sides. Suitable for hats that sit back or side-perching cocktail hats.



SUB-DEBS favor this for day or night. But hair must be shining and well-groomed. Lovely with a flower curvette.



SNUG to head, yet soft, with crossed back finishing in a heavy roll on the neckline. Versatile and attractive.

SUAVE AND CHIC FOR THE CUP



BRAIDS are new and smart. This one, heaviest at back, tapers to ends fixed in place under the smooth coronet. K. Stegma. Suitable for bonnets or sailors.



CUP gaieties next week in Melbourne will provide a parade not only of frocks and hats but hair-styles. Not for years has there been such variety in hair-styles, and the test of chic is the selection of a hair-do that may be swooped becomingly beneath a hat, may stand alone under a summer sun, or face up to dinner and dance.

There are still lots of upswept styles, but with high-crown puffs for the open-crown hats rather than a clump of curls on top.

For off-the-brow bonnets there are bangs—single, double-tiered, or side-swinging—often feather-curved.

Soft back curls, fitting into the neck curve, soothe the severity of forward-tilting pill-box or sailor.

After dusk odd braids, matching or contrasting. Wear them as a coronet or chignon or at back, with hair ornaments, feathers, or fresh flowers.—Carolyn Earle.



CASQUE or fireman's helmet effect for formal wear, by Rene Henri, of Sydney.



"What a treasure, my hearties, a packet of RINSO!"

Everyone Goes Crazy About RINSO'S RICHER THICKER SUDS!



MERCY! SUCH A SAVING IN WORK AND TIME WITH RINSO'S SUDS! AND JUST THINK! NO RUBBING MEANS CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER!



MY LINENS ARE DAZZLING WHITE... COLOURED TWICE AS FRESH! REMEMBER TO TRY RINSO FOR WASHING-UP TOO! IT MOVES GREASE IN A JIFFY!



2.395.22

THE solid comfort of it! Nan went to bed early every night, slept like the dead, and came down in the morning to a calm, unhurried breakfast.

On Saturday afternoons she went to the hairdresser. Her fair hair took on its old sheen and her color came back. Her work in the office was faultless now, and Mr. Barlow showed his appreciation by increasing her salary.

But the time came when she was slept out. One night she took Smoke's picture from the drawer and stood looking down at it. She was still standing there when her mother called from the foot of the stairs. "Nan, we're going to the pictures. Do you want to come?"

"No, Mum," Nan called back. "I'll go to bed."

Most nights she just sat there in her room after dinner, looking at Smoke's picture. When she heard the telephone ring downstairs, she went rigid, listening.

Generally she heard Dad say, "Oh, hello, Ted." Or perhaps her mother said, "Oh, yes, Amy. How are you?" Then Nan could slump back in her chair, and sit, or dream her face or do her nails, stopping now and again to sit looking into space.

Once her mother, a little uneasy by now, said, "It seems ages since we last saw Smoke, doesn't it?"

And then one Saturday Nan did see Smoke! They met head-on in the street as she came out from the office.

"Hello, Nan," Smoke said, looking down at her. "How about a spot of lunch?"

"All—right," Nan found just enough breath to say it, and then Smoke was walking along beside her.

He chose a quiet restaurant, a place of snowy linen and gleaming silver. Nan ached with the longing to reach out and touch him to make sure he was really there. Then Smoke's grey eyes were looking back at her.

"How—how's your mother?" Nan said.

"In sole possession of the home," Smoke grinned. "I'm bothered if she didn't invite Jane Summers for a visit, so I pulled out. I'm a working man now, incidentally."

"You found another—the right job?"

"No," Smoke grinned. "I just came down a few pegs, and you see before you Jim's messenger boy again, only a shade more eager." The waitress was there with the food, and Smoke said casually, "And how have you been? Miss me, do you?" Nan got hold of herself until she could make it sound as casual as a shrug when she said, "Oh, more or less."

Smoke attacked his lunch with zest. Looking up, he said, "You know, my first wife couldn't cook for four apples."

"My first husband," Nan said, "was terribly fussy for—the sketchy provider he was."

"That so?" Smoke grinned. "You must have suffered. Maybe I'd better stake you to a week-end away somewhere. How do you fancy a bit of surfing, for instance?"

Nan's heart pounded. Two bright red spots burned high on her cheeks. Her eyes probed Smoke's. "Just to show you all men aren't alike," Smoke said. "How about it?"

"All—right," Nan said. Her eyes were luminous when she jumped out of the taxi at home. She took the stairs three at a time to her room. She was cramming things into her bag when she looked up to see her mother.

"I saw Smoke," Nan told her, breathless, "and we're going away for the week-end." Scooping clothes from the drawer, she hardly heard her mother saying "What does Smoke think about—about you two?"

"I don't know," Nan said, jerking a dress from its hanger.

"Didn't—Smoke must have said something."

"Just about the week-end," Nan snapped the bag shut. "Good-bye, Mum. I'll be back to-morrow night."

Nan and Smoke had late Sunday breakfast next morning in their room at the Shorecrest, overlooking the surf beach.

Afterward they surfed, then lay on the sand with the sun warm upon them.

"This is the life," Smoke said.

Week-end Wife

Continued from page 25

"No cooking or washing-up," Nan said.

"No blueprints and no Jim Cobb," Smoke's hands closed over Nan's "Just you," he added.

"And you," Nan said.

The week-end made a difference at home, of course. Dad said, "If you can eat your cake and have it, Nan, you'll be the first one." Her mother said, "It doesn't seem right to me, Nan."

They said it with growing anxiety and bewilderment in their eyes. It wasn't fair to enjoy all the privileges of the daughter of the house and ignore their code. But no privilege added up to anything for Nan without Smoke. Ten good years of her life she'd have sacrificed willingly just to have one day over again—the day she and Smoke had quarrelled.

Smoke didn't want to go back, though. Smoke was for skimming the cream to-day, and the devil take to-morrow. Smoke was for flying high and not for the ground crew—ever. But he was Smoke.

Still another Saturday morning came round and Nan sat typing the long legal brief. She looked up to see Jill Rankin coming toward her. And then she saw only black spots floating before her eyes.

As if from a distance, she heard Jill say, "Your husband rang and he's got news. He said it won't keep, and you're to call him back." Then the desk slipped slowly from Nan's grasp, and she fell forward across the typewriter.

She came to on the couch in the rest-room. Barbara Willard was there. Barbara and Jill Rankin and—why, that must be a doctor taking her pulse!

"All right," he said to the girls. "I can handle the case now." Some little time later, he smiled and said to her, "Well, young lady, you'd better get your order in. What'll you have? A boy or a girl?"

There was no little smile around Nan's mouth when she rode in the taxi to meet Smoke. Over and over she told herself, "I wouldn't hold Smoke with a baby if I could, but we'll have this one more week-end."

Smoke was waiting for her at the kerb—handsome, headlong, devil-may-care Smoke, and riding high! His grin had never been wider than when he said from across the lunch-table, "It's a rise! Jim Cobb came through! Good old Jim, a gentleman and a scholar, a diamond of first water, and—"

"Oh Smoke!" Nan said. "I—I'm so glad for you."

She kept up a pretence of gaiety right through that week-end, up to the last hour when they lay in the sun on the beach. Then Smoke's hand closed over hers and she had to put her other arm over her eyes

to hide the tears that slipped out from under their lids.

"You know," Smoke said, "Jim Cobb took me home to dinner one night this week."

"Oh, poor you!" Nan said.

"Jim has three daughters," Smoke told her. "A couple at school, but one's married to a sailor, so she's home now with their kid. He's a young tiger!"

Nan couldn't even answer, and he went on eagerly: "He's just starting to walk, and it was Jim's night to mow the lawn. Why, that kid toddled up and down after Jim until his tongue hung out. He yowled like a wildcat when his mother put him to bed, because he wanted to stay with Jim."

"I can hear that yowl!" Nan said.

"Jim took me to the bus," Smoke said, "and I asked him what the kid's parents did for excitement. He said they had all the excitement they could take making ends meet."

"Darling, you earned the rise," Nan said.

Smoke got abruptly up from the sand. He pulled Nan up by one hand, and out of a clear blue sky he said, "You can't be a pain when you want to, can't you? And when their bags were packed he sat on the foot of the bed, one leg draped around a bedpost."

"Well, this yowling the Shorecrest out with me," he said, and something that had been boiling up in Nan's heart threatened to boil over. She saw Smoke's chin shoot forward, and her mouth tightened into a straight line.

"Yes, I've flown my last milk run," Smoke said. Nan turned upon him.

"Best wishes to you and Jane!" she said, and saw quick flames leap into Smoke's eyes. "I can see you mowing the lawn," she smiled, and Smoke sat there, taking her in from the tilt of her pert hat to her fragile sandals.

"You're a neat little cream skimmer, aren't you? No washing-up or cooking for you! I can see you washing baby bottles."

"Cream skimmer!" Nan's chin went up. "And that for me—from you!"

There was a tap on the door, and the boy opened it to gather up their luggage. Nan picked up her gloves and bag from the dressing-table. Her chin still high, she followed the luggage in blind fury, and that was how it happened that she collided with Smoke at the door. Then she felt Smoke's arms go tight around her, and her head went down on his shoulder.

"You got me wild about that grandson of Jim's," Smoke said. "I was so crazy about him that I'd mow the lawn. Any day, Nan!"

"He sounded so lovely," Nan said against his shoulder. "I—I'll wash the b-bottles. Smoke. Any day!"

(Copyright)

Quiz answers from page 26

Mr. Wilkinson's answers:

1. Platypus, found in Australia.
2. A mountain (also known as Mt. Godwin-Austen, in the Karakoram Ranges north of the Himalayas. Height 28,250 feet, second highest in the world.
3. Eleven second. (The four girls are Edie Robinson (N.S.W.), 1934; Eileen Wearne (N.S.W.), 1937; Thelma Peake (Qld.), 1937; Joyce Walker (N.S.W.), 1939.)
4. A solid figure with 20 sides or faces each of which is an equilateral triangle.
5. 1908.

Mr. Sim's answers:

1. A bird of the stork family. (Found in Australia, India, South America, Africa. Chiefly distinguished from the stork by its massive bill.)
2. Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, Baronet.
3. Queen Anne. (All 17 died in infancy except the Duke of Gloucester, who died at the age of 11 in 1700.)
4. Mollison (1927-28 with seven wins, prize money £17,343.)

5. Philadelphia. (Population, 1,935,086.)

Mr. Morris' answers:

1. Larva.
2. 12,210 miles.
3. Florence Nightingale.
4. The Wightman Cup.
5. By the Law of Hanover a woman could not ascend the Throne. (Accordingly, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the fifth son of George III, and not Victoria, succeeded William IV as Sovereign in 1837, thus separating the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover after a union of 123 years.)

Mr. Buchanan's answers:

1. Island of Honshu.
2. "Oh Lord our God arise, Scatter his enemies and make them fall, Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks, on Thee our hopes we fix, God save us all."
3. Upolu (the island on which Vallima is situated.)
4. Ben Jonson.
5. Zachariah.

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FMY13

M R. DODD was

eyebrow him shrewdly, but Steve sounded quite jaunty as he said, "Why, certainly, Mr. Dodd, the bet stands. I'll be ready to take over the new department on Monday. The Kildays don't gamble unless they like the odds, either."

Old A.P.'s eyebrows drew together. "What's that? Just what kind of odds do you like, Kilday?"

He might as well make it good, Steve thought. He felt as though his face had recently been renovated and his smile was cracking the varnish, but he tried to keep his voice unconcerned. "Oh, say ten to one on me, Mr. Dodd."

"Ten to one that you make two aces in a single afternoon? Good gosh! You're not just crazy; you're a dangerous maniac! Well, I'll be there to see you do it! Now get out of my office!"

Steve went back to his desk like a man walking in his sleep. He saw that Peter de Camp was watching with a satisfied smile behind his rimless glasses. With a start, Steve realised that Peter de Camp would probably get the new department now, and he liked the big fish less than ever.

Steve walked slowly up the hill from the 6.15 that evening. He was not looking forward to his coming interview with Kathie; they had parted that morning without speaking. The worst of it was, he thought bitterly, that Kathie was right; completely, devastatingly right. And there was nothing that he could do.

He had just about as much chance of making good on that bet as he had of winning the world's open championship. There was a juicy fifteen after his name in the handicap column out at Millwood; four times out of five he couldn't hit the green, much less the cup, even on the easiest holes.

Continuing . . . Two Holes In One

from page 7

Kathie wasn't waiting for him at the door. He went on in and hung up his hat moodily. "Hi," he said.

There was no answer, and he went on through the living-room and into the kitchen. Kathie was standing in front of the stove, stirring something. He didn't like the set of her shoulders.

"Well, well," he said heartily. "How are you dear?"

She turned round and her gaze was frosty—definitely frosty. It was plain to see that she hadn't forgotten Saturday night and that she expected the worst.

"Yes," she said. "That's just exactly it—well?"

Steve tried to lift his eyebrows in simulated puzzlement. "Well, what, dear?"

"Well, what about that bet? Do you see Mr. Dodd?"

"Oh," Steve said offhandedly, "of course he wanted to get out of it; said I was probably going to get the new department anyway, and that he wasn't a betting man. I had to be firm with him. Matter of principle, you know."

"I know all right," Kathie said in a cutting voice. "He told you that the bet stood and that you'd either make good on it or you'd be out of a job on Monday. That's true, isn't it?"

"Well—" Steve tried to hedge, but he could see that it wasn't going to do any good. "Well, in a way, I suppose—"

"And so, unless you make two holes in one on Saturday, we join the ranks of the unemployed."

Steve essayed what he hoped was a bright and cheery laugh—it sounded about as cheery as a funeral march. "Oh, I'll win, dear. There's really nothing to worry about."

"Just how many holes in one have you ever made?"

"Well—" "Precisely," Kathie told him.

They ate dinner in a dismal silence. Afterward, Kathie went out to see her mother. In a way, Steve was glad that she was gone. It gave him a chance to look over the Help Wanted ads, in the evening paper.

It was long after sunset on Wednesday evening. From where he stood on the thirteenth tee, Steve could barely see the flag on the green a hundred and fifty yards away. He hated that flag. He hoped to high heaven that he never saw another flag on any green.

Dreadfully he pushed another ball out. His back ached. His arms and shoulders ached, and the palms of his hands were blistered. He gritted his teeth and swung the club back, chopped viciously at the ball. He topped it and it rolled lazily across the grass to stop a half-dozen feet away. There were others of his fellows there.

He rolled out another ball and chopped again. He hit this one squarely, but it was getting so dark that he had trouble following its flight. Might just as well not have seen it, he thought morosely. It sliced in a tight curve and missed the green by fifty feet.

A voice startled him. "Well, if it isn't Steve, the demon golfer. I heard you had taken to coming down here in the evenings."

Steve straightened angrily. The voice belonged to Peter de Camp, and he had heard this morning, through the office grapevine, that it was a certainty that de Camp would get the new department.

"Get out!" he said huskily.

"Teh-leh!" de Camp said. "What a temper. Doesn't it affect your game?"

Peter de Camp shot in the low seventies, Steve knew. He began counting under his breath. When he reached ten, he was going to break his mashie over Peter de Camp's handsome head.

"Well," the other concluded hastily, "must be on my way, old man. There's a little celebration at the club that I must look in on."

Steve was seeling red. He knew the reason for the celebration. "Eight . . . nine . . ."

The other walked rapidly away, looking back over his shoulder uneasily. There was an expression on Steve's face which was disquieting.

"I'll be seeing you Saturday, old man," de Camp said from a safe distance. There was a nasty little note in his voice. "You've been taken for a nice ride and are too dumb to know it."

"What's that?" "You'll find out on Saturday, chump," de Camp said, and disappeared in the direction of the clubhouse.

And that was the man who was going to get the job he should have had, Steve reflected bitterly. He chopped savagely at another ball and missed. The caddy came up.

"Mister," he said sympathetically, "maybe you ought to take some lessons. You must have hit two hundred balls down there, and there was only eight of 'em on the green."

Steve laughed hollowly as he turned away. The caddy's voice followed him: "You're almost as bad as old Mr. Dodd, mister. He never gets any balls on the green."

"He got a hole in one," Steve reported sourly.

"Mister," the caddy said, "that I would have to see."

It was after ten when Steve got home. Kathie was waiting for him. He dumped his clubs in a corner and went on into the living-room to slump dejectedly on the couch. His face was streaked and dirty. Fatigue was reflected in every line, and the palm of his left hand was raw where one of the blisters had burst. Kathie suddenly dropped down and threw her arms about him.

"Poor Steve," she said tenderly. "Don't you worry; there are plenty of other jobs. He had no right to hold you to such a bet, anyway. I'd just like to know how many times he's done foolish things himself."

Steve struggled upright, and there was a wild gleam in his eyes. "We're not going to need another job! I'm going to win that bet and we're going to head that new department!" "Oh, Steve. You're so terribly tired."

"They can't do this to me!" Steve shouted. "I'll show them! Dodd, de Camp—the whole pack of 'em! I'll—"

Steve stopped suddenly and scowled. He remembered what de Camp had said about him being a chump, and he remembered what the caddy had said about old A.P.'s golf. Steve put the two together in his mind and a faint suspicion began to grow.

"Look," he said to Kathie, "where did you say old A.P. made this hole in one he was boasting about?"

"At the Woodley Club," he said. "Something seems fishy to me," Steve told her grimly. "I don't know what, but I'm going to find out."

He got up and found the telephone directory; came back to open it at the classified section. There was no Woodley Golf Club. He turned to the W's—there was a half page of Woodleys, but they all seemed to run to grocery stores or filling stations. None, according to the book, had any golf clubs. Steve's suspicion deepened.

"I thought so," he mumbled. "Thought what, Steve?"

"There's no Woodley Golf Club. Old A.P. pulled a fast one on me, and I've got an idea that if I could find out what it was I'd know how to win that bet on Saturday."

"How can you find out?" "That's the trouble," Steve said gloomily. "I haven't the faintest idea."

When he finished practice on Thursday night, Steve had driven a total of twenty-three balls on to the green and had got five of them within three feet of the pin.

D ESPERATELY

he had also telephoned every Woodley within a radius of twenty miles and found that none of them owned a golf club. He didn't sleep well on Thursday night.

By Friday morning news of Steve's practice had got round the office; he could tell that by the quick silence which greeted him as he came in. Afterwards, everyone was very nice to him—everyone except Peter de Camp.

Peter de Camp came past his desk about ten o'clock. "Well, old man," he said, "how's the golf?"

Steve kept his temper with difficulty. He even managed to smile a little.

"Good enough to win to-morrow," he said. "Why?"

Peter de Camp laughed unpleasantly. "Then maybe you'd like to make another little bet on yourself."

"I might," Steve said, fighting down his anger. "I've got a dollar I can spare."

"He's got a dollar," de Camp said to Steve's secretary. "His faith in himself is touching, isn't it? Make it fifty, Kilday, and then maybe I'll listen to you."

His temper got away from Steve. "Okay," he said with a hard note in his voice. "Fifty it is! Now get out of here before I throw you out!"

Peter de Camp got up, and, after he had gone, Steve got up and walked over to the window to stare down into the street. He had, he knew bitterly, allowed himself to be tricked into making another losing bet, and he and Kathie probably were going to be needing that fifty dollars pretty soon now.

Behind him his secretary said softly, "I just wish you had thrown him out, Mr. Kilday."

Steve managed to grin at her as he came back to his desk. He sat down and wrote "Woodley" a half-dozen times across a scratch pad; then tore the sheet up and threw it in the waste-basket.

He couldn't get away from the feeling that, if he could only find this Woodley place, everything would be all right. An idea struck him.

"Look," he said to the secretary, "call Mr. Dodd's secretary and find out whether or not he was in the office all day last Saturday."

The girl dialled the phone, talked for a moment, and then swung round, cupping a hand over the transmitter. "No. He left the office about ten o'clock in the morning with Mr. Chambers, and didn't come back for the rest of the day."

"Find out where he went."

"Okay. Where'd he go, Grace?"

She listened for a moment, then nodded and hung up as she turned back to Steve. He lifted his eyebrows inquiringly, feeling a faint excitement begin to stir in him.

"Grace says they went to Henderson. It's a little town out Highway One about thirty-five miles from here. The Army's got a big separation centre there, and Mr. Dodd went to see a nephew of his who is stationed at the camp. Does that help any, Mr. Kilday?"

Steve grabbed his hat from the rack and started for the door. He said over his shoulder, "I don't know, Sis, but I've got a hunch that it is going to help one big, awful lot!"

He got a handful of change at the cashier's window, fidgeted while the elevator took him to the street and almost ran for the chemist on the corner. He wedged himself into a telephone booth and dialled Long Distance. After what seemed an interminable time, the operator's voice answered.

"I want to talk to the operator in Henderson," Steve said.

"Deposit thirty-five cents, please." Steve pushed the coins into the instrument. They fell with a pleasant tinkle and, after a moment, a voice said, "Henderson operator."

"Look," Steve said, "have you got a Woodley Golf Club in Henderson?"

"No, there is no such listing," the operator almost instantly replied.

Steve said, "Okay. Thanks" and hung up, feeling as though the bottom had dropped out of his stomach. He paused at the cigarette counter to buy a package of cigarettes and stared moodily at a display sign which said: "Take Home a Box of Miniature Cigars—Only One Dollar," while he waited for his change.

Please turn to page 31



DON AND THELMA SEEMED FATED TO DRIFT APART. THEN . . .



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W 15819

BREAKFAST

disposed of, Jack pushed the tray away, lighted another cigarette, and leaned back, still with that sense of going forward to something unbelievably good. To-day he was going to ask Nesta to marry him.

Marriage. What a gulf there was between knowing you were crazy about a girl and asking her solemnly to share your life for the next thirty or forty or even fifty years. Yes, a lifetime didn't seem a mile too long to spend with Nesta.

He closed his eyes, and she grew visible under his lids: Nesta's hands, brown and slender, Nesta's eyes, greenish with brown flecks in them, Nesta's creamy skin. Her way of seeming just ten times more alive than any of the people around her, for all that rather puzzling stillness in her manner.

He had come up in the lift with Nesta the first day he had arrived at Chetwynd Court. She had come hurrying in through the swing doors and he had waited for her, watching her cross the lobby, a slender figure in blue cotton skirt and peasant blouse, her hair ruffled by the sea wind.

The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 9

Half a dozen words between two strangers. He knew later that he had searched for something to say just so that he could get into contact with her.

"Does the caretaker bloke—what's his name?"

"Treasury."

"Does he bring up the paper and milk in the morning?"

"Yes, he brings them up and puts them through the tradesmen's slide."

"Which floor are you going to?"

"The seventh, please."

The same as his. The lift hummed upwards. The seventh heaven.

He knew it when he held the door back for her to get out and saw her take her key and go into the flat next to his. That moment

had his name on it just as surely as the sniper's bullet had had on the jungle track that day in New Guinea.

He pushed back the table and glanced at his watch. It was a bit early yet, but Nesta would be awake.

He'd ring her and ask her to spend the day with him before she had a chance to make any other plans.

He guessed she had none already.

He more than guessed that she cared for him, too.

He got up and dialled her number.

The bell went on ringing a long time before Nesta answered.

"Then: 'Yes?'"

"Hello, Nesta. It's Jack here."

"Yes?" again, very flatly.

"Nesta, are you doing anything to-day?"

"I tried to get hold of you last night, but you weren't in. I was going to ask you if you'd come somewhere with me to-day. What about it?"

I've bought a ferry and had it painted gold, and arranged for a cool southerly to spring up about twelve-thirty, and—

Nesta wasn't saying anything. There was such a silence at her end, such a lack of her usual warm response, that Jack's voice trailed off, and an anxious expression grew on his face.

He began again: "Nesta, are you one of those girls who never smile before breakfast? If so, I won't ever be funny again before midday. I promise. Not that I was so funny."

Nesta said: "I'm sorry, Jack. I can't come."

"What?" His face was falling inch by inch. "You mean you—"

"Yes, I can't possibly come," and she hung up abruptly.

He didn't move away from the telephone for a long time. He stood quite still with the receiver up to his ear, looking straight ahead of him.

In the sitting-room of the next flat, Nesta sat at the telephone, her face as blank as the white-painted wall on which the modern decorator hadn't allowed a picture.

She cradled the receiver, turned to a table, took out a cigarette and tapped it. . . . went on tapping it. . . .

The picture she made was like a Japanese color-print. Her loose white silk pyjamas merged into the whiter background, and light and

space seemed to flow round her empty.

Slowly she went into the kitchen.

The milk for coffee that she had left on the stove when the telephone rang was just coming to the boil.

It rose to the top of the saucepan and fell over on to the stove in a lacy flood, dimming the bright nickel.

Nesta stood in front of it and her eyes didn't seem to see it. She didn't even put out a hand to turn off the heat.

Major Eugene Hansen and Captain Peter Driscoll, of the U.S. Army, had one of the flats on the same floor, next to the Ingle-Jones', overlooking the bay.

Shortly before eight that morning they were getting up, too. At least, Hansen was. He'd been up and in the bathroom for a long time, running the electric razor over his big flat cheeks, and scrubbing and towelling his powerfully athletic body.

The enclosed space seemed to vibrate with the radiations of his vitality. Hot water first, hot enough to take the hide off a man less tough—inside and out—than Hansen.

Then the shower, icy cold, striking on his shoulders, and raying out all over the green-tiled walls and neat bathroom cupboards. Vapor seethed and coiled round him like steam from an active geyser.

Standing in front of the mirror he rubbed an after-shaving lotion over his face and slapped at his hair with his harsh-bristled brushes.

Suddenly standing there naked with a huddle of wet bath-towels underfoot, and the brushes suspended above his mirror-bright hair, he leant forward and studied his face in the glass.

Two Holes In One

Continued from page 30

No use going back to the office, he thought; he might just as well go on out to Millwood and get a little more practice on his golf. Then a thought struck him suddenly and his mouth dropped open a little.

"Great gosh!" he said. "I wonder—I could be!"

He dashed back into the phone booth, leaving the girl standing with the change in her hand. Inside, he stabbed a nickel into the slot and dialled old A.P.'s office. Grace answered.

"Listen, Grace, what's the name of the old man's nephew—the one that's down at the separation centre?"

"Sergeant Woodley," Grace said. "I think his first name's Joe."

"Oh, boy!" Steve told her. "What a break!"

It was five-thirty that afternoon when he called Kathie from Henderson. Her voice sounded worried as she answered.

"Pet," Steve said, "your husband is a great man—a very great man. Go down and buy yourself a dress. Buy a half-dozen dresses; you're stepping out to-morrow night with the manager of the new department!"

"Steve! Have you gone crazy?"

"Like a fox. I'll tell you when I get home."

At eleven the next morning Steve, again by request, stood on the carpet in front of old A.P.'s desk. The latter fiddled with a pencil, and his eyes noted Steve's taped hands.

"Understand you've been brushing up on your golf, Kilday."

"Yes, sir."

"Trying for holes in one?"

"That's right, sir."

"Just how many balls have you hit out there at Millwood this week, Kilday?"

"Nine hundred and seventy-three," Steve said modestly.

"How many aces out of that number?"

"None, sir."

There was a malicious gleam in old A.P.'s eyes. "Hah! Not so easy as you thought, eh? Well, I guess you've learned your lesson. I have decided that you can stay on at your old job, Kilday. After all, you've shown a persistence that should be worth something."

Mr. Dodd paused and sat back expectantly. Nothing happened.

Steve was not thanking him with tears in his eyes; he was not promising that never, never again would he speak lightly of old A.P.'s golf. Instead, he was scowling blackly.

"You're not trying to welsh on our bet, are you, sir?"

Old A.P. came out of his chair with a bound, his face the color of a beet. "Welsh! Why, you impudent young—"

"I was sure that you weren't," Steve said sweetly, "because I'm rather keen on heading up that new department of yours. I feel that it—and you—need me, sir."

It was some seconds before old A.P. could get his breath back after that. He stalked to the water-cooler and poured himself a drink; then stamped back to shake a finger under Steve's nose.

"I'll be at Millwood at one-thirty, you young pup! You'd better be there, too! I'll—"

"Pardon me, sir," Steve said, "According to the terms of the bet I choose the course and the hole. I do not choose Millwood."

"What do I care what course you choose?" old A.P. yelled. "I offered you another chance. Now I'll offer you your walking papers at two o'clock this afternoon!"

Steve waited until he had finished. Then he said in a faintly detached voice, "I've decided to use the eleventh hole at the Woodley Golf Club, sir. I'll pick you up at twelve-thirty."

He swung on his heel and went out, closing the door behind him. For a moment, old A.P. stared, his mouth a little open. Then he said slowly, "Woodley! Well, I'm jiggered! A.P., that young rascal's going to hoist you by your own petard! Maybe that new department does need him!"

He went over and sat down behind his desk to laugh until the tears ran down his face.

He had quite a gallery, Steve noted—most of it from the separation centre. The spectators applauded enthusiastically. Old A.P. stood in front of the rest with an enigmatic expression on his face. Peter de Camp stood beside him, perspiring freely. Steve selected a ball with care.

He placed it on the tee and stepped up to it. There was confidence in the way he wagged his club, swung it carefully back. "Now for it," he muttered, and struck the ball—a smooth, easy stroke with a beautiful follow-through. The ball started straight and true. It skirted a trap, missed a second hazard which reached out for it. It rolled over a little bridge and went through a length of sewer pipe; then climbed a steep slope to drop into the cup with a little "plop."

Steve lifted a finger. "One," he said.

For a moment, old A.P. squinted at him; then he took the cigar from his mouth, and grinned as he turned to look at Peter de Camp. The latter looked a little sick.

"You don't need to hit any more, Steve," old A.P. said. "Pete and I are convinced, aren't we Pete?"

Peter de Camp gulped and nodded his head. His gaze wandered with a sort of stricken fascination to the sign which stood some fifty feet away. It read:

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"The worst of it all is," old A.P. added sadly, "that now everybody will know where I made my hole in one."

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DRISCOLL presently got up unsteadily from the bed and went slowly through to the sitting-room.

In there everything was in a morning-after mess; bottles and glasses and cigarette-ends, and the clinging thick smell of smoke and spirits. It succeeded in making the strictly impersonal room of the let-turmbled apartment—rust-red carpet, oiled linen covers, and light wood furniture—look shabbily squalid. The woman who did the flat wouldn't be here for another hour.

Driscoll stood at the door and stared disgustedly at the disorder. Or it could have been just the injured look of the man who doesn't drink often, and when he does feels that somebody else ought to take the rap.

Thirst-driven, he went to the table and lifted a glass. He stopped out half a glass of flat ginger ale and trickled it down his throat.

As he stood by the table, looking as vacant as a fish behind a glass wall, Gene Hansen came out of his bedroom, bathed, and dressed, and shining, and tying his tie.

Driscoll said: "I'm feeling terrible."

Hansen looked him up and down coolly. "You look terrible." He went to the window and jerked up the blinds with a clatter.

"What time is it?" Driscoll asked, wincing away from the sound and the light.

"Eight o'clock. Eight o'clock of a fine hot morning. I'm going to fix myself some breakfast. A couple of eggs and a steak. I guess you're not eating this morning?"

Driscoll didn't even bother to answer this. He took another sip of the ginger ale that tasted like stale india-rubber in his mouth, and said again weakly: "I feel terrible."

"Why don't you have a drink?" A stiff brandy. Hansen sounded impatient. "Or maybe a bath. A good hot one. A sweat'll set you up."

Again Driscoll didn't answer, but went towards the bathroom.

Half-way across the room, he stopped and stared at Hansen. "Say, what's happened to your lip?"

Hansen shot him a quick glance. "My lip?"

"Yes. Looks like someone's bopped you one."

The other was already at the kitchen door. "Frostbite," he said over his shoulder, and went on into the kitchen.

Driscoll walked slowly into the bathroom.

Will Van Anders would hardly have been expected to worry much about the heat in Sydney, since he had spent the best part of his life in Java, where heat isn't just an occasional visitor, but a constant daily and nightly companion that hangs round you clamantly.

Yet this morning, even before eight o'clock, Van Anders was sweating freely. Still, sweat is the salvation of big fat men who have lived for years on the heavy food of the Dutch East Indies, the reishafels, and elaborate sweets, and wines, and liqueurs.

He got out of bed, untied his sash, and let it drop to the floor, leaving it where it fell. On second thoughts, kicking it into the corner. Maybe by night time somebody would have picked it up.

It was sordid, it was purely sordid, this doing things for yourself. Hoping to pick up something you had dropped, or lace your own shoes. The corners of his mouth went down in disgust. He just couldn't get used to it.

In the long, timeless span of the senseless tropics, with unlimited servants and unlimited money, he had almost forgotten the life of the small Dutch town that he had left as a young man twenty years ago.

When the Dutch run to size they do it generously. Van Anders was six feet three, and sixteen stone, and still adding to his girth. The top of his head was bald, and his forehead was white and smooth as a child's, and his full red lips had the matched look of a man who has just eaten a juicy steak.

He pulled on a pair of trousers and a green cotton shirt. The wardrobe door stood gaping open, but only a couple of indifferent suits hung there.

On his estate outside Batavia it

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The Gardenia Case

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had taken an army of laundry boys to look after his clothes alone. The rows of tropical suits, the shirts and sarongs, the bath robes, spun by Chinese silkworkers, designed by Javanese artists, and tailored in the Rue de la Paix.

He went into the sitting-room and wandered largely for a moment, like a newly caged captive, throwing his arms wide, drumming on his chest and sighing.

After one or two turns he sat at the table and drew a dish of fruit towards him. He picked up a melon, hacked off a big section and ate it, sinking his teeth voluptuously into the green, dripping flesh. He polished off the large honeydew in exactly three and a half minutes.

The room seemed to be rising in temperature—most rooms did when Van Anders entered them—and he went to the front door and propped it open with a chair. The small near-cool breeze began to suck through languidly, letting in with it the boring moan of the doves.

As he stepped on to the landing, Trenerry, the caretaker, was just outside putting the milk bottles into the service hatches.

Trenerry had a long, narrow face, opaque brown eyes, and a sour expression. It was a sourness that got worse every day from having to force an amiable front with high-handed tenants and exacting owners.

As a young man, Trenerry had started out with plenty in his favor: education and money, and brains enough, but there wasn't a thing he'd made a success of. Nobody could have said why. He'd done every job well, and conscientiously: fruit-farming, school-teaching, selling life insurance, chicken-rearing, running a snack bar.

As time went on, and Trenerry saw he wasn't going to make any money, he began to despise it—and the people who made it—a defence mechanism. He was never without a cigarette in his mouth, and he was forever flicking the ash off his lapel with a gesture that was automatic now, symptomatic, maybe.

Even when the ash fell somewhere else, up went Trenerry's hand, flicking it away; flicking away failure, flicking away the fruit farm and the snack bar, and all the rest of it.

Annoyed at being caught on this mental errand, he pretended not to see Van Anders.

But the Dutchman boomed cheerfully: "Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning!"

Trenerry nodded, got into the lift and shot down.

The door of the flat opposite opened, the door of Cynthia Fry's flat, and her small son Miles came out followed by his amah.

At not yet three Miles had an uncanny self-assurance, a dignity fostered by the alayfulness of the native woman always at his heels. Always there to catch, to shelter, to protect, but never to do anything to undermine the small white boy's lordly self-esteem.

Amah was half Chinese and half Malayan, but she looked wholly yellow, with her flat, featureless face, slanting eyes, and plastered-down black hair. Black sateen trousers flapped round her thin legs, and a white Chinese coat was buttoned up to her small, round chin. Only the gold studs in her ears coquettishly challenged her anonymity.

Van Anders greeted Miles gaily: "Ah, my little Miles! How is he this morning? Has he had his breakfast? Good. And now he is going out to sail his boat. Excellent!"

At the corner of Miles' mouth was a small, uncertain smile, but he didn't lose any of his dignity as he stood immovably still.

"Miles is my little friend, and when the war is over he will come with me to Holland, and I will give him cakes of marzipan and Dutch chocolates filled with sweet wine. Is it not so, Miles? Ja, ja, when the war is over, and we have killed all our enemies and trampled them into the ground!"

Half embarrassed but diplomatic, Miles' eyelashes drooped.

Van Anders and Amah didn't even exchange a glance. It was as though each simply didn't know the other was there.

Van Anders went back into the flat, and the lift came up.

Miles walked into it, as though Amah's brown hand holding back the door were all part of the well-oiled machinery.

Cynthia had come out of her bedroom when the front door closed behind the boy and his nurse. She was tying a pale blue chiffon gown round her small, round waist, her corn-colored hair floated on her shoulders, and her dark blue eyes were pools of anger and distress.

Her high-heeled mules clattered noisily over the parquet as she crossed the sitting-room to the desk. Sitting there, she opened drawers and slammed them shut again, searching for something, tossing the papers about with hectic impatience.

She pushed back her floating gold hair and burst into speech: "Will I never get a break! What am I going to do?" She had a neurotic trick of addressing the world at large when something struck at her; and that something might equally be a split cocktail or a telegram announcing death.

At twenty-six Cynthia had had three husbands—one killed at sea, one in the air, and one in the Philippine jungle. The airman was Miles' father. She had spent a year with him in Singapore before it fell, and had come back to Sydney with the child not yet born and Amah the patient slave.

Such multiple tragedy made her feel that she had the right to multiple consolation. She could claim anything by right of her grief: black-market liquor or other women's husbands; or she could lie in a darkened room and flood the pillow with tears if she was asked for anything she didn't care to give.

She started to cry now, big, easy tears splashing down over her petal-fresh cheeks on to the papers. Then she sat on the floor and pulled out drawers and tipped out their contents, panic-stricken at the thought that what she was looking for might not be there at all.

But it was. At last she found it. Her tears dried up quickly, and she got up and hurried back into the bedroom. Clearing a space on her dressing-table among the jars and pots and scent sprays, she sat down and spread the document out in front of her. Then she slipped it into an envelope and put it into her bag.

She was looking pleased now; not only at what she'd done, but in front of a mirror Cynthia could never stay depressed for long.

She glanced at the tiny jewelled watch on the dressing-table. It was three minutes past eight.

In the flat next door Ingle-Jones had just lifted the lid of the rubbish-box.

Inside it was the body of a youngish man, with light, reddish hair and high cheekbones. He was dressed in grey slacks, olive-green sports shirt, and dusty shoes. He was placed accommodately to fit the long, deep box, half sitting, half reclining, head forward, sunk on his chest.

His hands rested loosely on his lap, easy looking, palms upwards, and in them were two gardenias, still giving off their sweet scent. The dead man with his bent head seemed to be studying them intently.

Ingle-Jones dropped the lid with a bang and bolted back to the bedroom, shouting to Vida. Then, after a few meaningless exclamations, they swung into action.

Ingle-Jones called Jack Sisley over, and Vida rang down to the office to Trenerry, as though it were his job to deal with strange bodies as well as parcels and papers and everything else that happened at Chetwynd Court.

Trenerry stepped out of the lift in no time at all, and by then everyone up there knew what had happened. Vida had been running from flat to flat like a torch, setting the others aflame with fear and horror.

But the six front doors, which had all been open a minute ago, were shut when Detective-Inspector Grogan and the rest of the homicide squad spilled out of the lift and crowded into flat seventy-two.

To be continued

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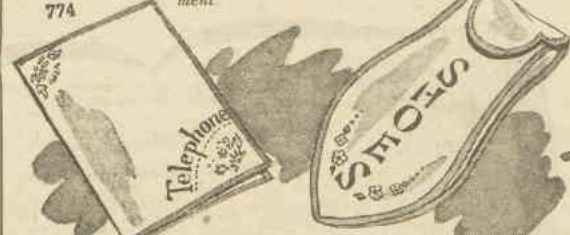
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30/303

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 2, 1948

SHOPPING with KERRY

By PAT JAMES

THIS morning I wakened to summer. As I lay abed for another five minutes before breakfast-and-cut-lunch fatigue, I was at peace. Three-year-old Kerry-girl snuggled close, every now and then patting me with that precious, possessive pride of hers that makes me so often want to cry for sheer humility.

I never quite get over what a gladstone thing it is to be so thoroughly liked by my daughter without stint or criticism... all barriers down.

Sleep had rested me—long, sound sleep undisturbed by childish sneezes or sniffles, thruffled by coughs, or driks of water. I was plumb satisfied, with my arches relaxed, my nerves all resting like mad in their idle swansdown sockets.

All was peace and joy unconfined ahead stretched a day—a beautiful summer day. And what better way of spending it, think I, lightheartedly, than buying a swimsuit for my birthday. I sat up and lightly tapped my girl.

"Kedgie," I said, "soon it is my birthday and—"

"Will you have a cake with candles, Mummy?"

"Well, maybe not with candles, I hedged, being of an age, "but Daddy said I could have a new swimsuit, so let's go into town and buy a hum?"

Kerry-girl nodded vigorously.

"Can I ride on the moving staircases?" she asked, for, to Kerry, even without escalators is like monkeys without peanuts.

"Of course, darling," I agreed.

"And have an ice-cream on a dish?"

"Yes, you may!"

"Not in a cone!"

"No!"

"Not in a little bucket!"

"No, darling, to a dish, just like you said!"

The point seemed satisfactorily cleared up. So that was that. By this time, however, Daddy was stamping at the bit, and inquiring for clean collars and breakfast.

And when Daddy was gone, breakfast dishes dunked and dried, the morning dressing-for-town was got on with.

It always seems to me that dressing one's small girl is a hazy, comparable only to holding a bagful of cats or skinning an eel.

But at last it was done, and

slightly heated but still mad with enthusiasm, I hastily bathed, whipped on a little number, put on my face, and proceeded to collect my child from the vegetable bin, where she was whiling away the time by peeling an onion.

Brief, purifying process, and so to the tram. It was here we began the old and familiar one-two.

Kerry has a profound dislike for the "toastrack" trams which infect our suburb like a horde of wheeled beetles, and will insist on riding, on all possible occasions, in the more de-luxe corridor, padded-seat variety.

The fact that they aren't running in our direction doesn't make the slightest difference to Kerry, and, though I admire her commonsense, I deplore the logic of the wench.

"I don't like these nasty things," she mutters, "with awful old doors. Why can't we ride in the ones with windows where I can look out?"

Tram trouble

TO-MORROW, darling," I compromised. "But we have to hurry now and go and see the moving staircases and get an ice-cream in a dish and mummy's swimsuit, remember?"

Darling says nothing, so we get in and rattle townwards.

At last our stop, and down we get from the buzz wagon. I realise, quite suddenly, that the store I mean to shop in only has one escalator instead of the up-and-down bank my sophisticated friend is used to.

I console myself with the thought that we never had them as children, and she should be satisfied with one, since her pore old mother had none.

It doesn't help matters any, then, when we see the notice on the one miserable thing, "Out of order."

"But you promised!" wails Kerry.

This is the kind of situation I hate. I had promised, and in my own silly way I have strict ideas about certain things, and one most important tenet of mine is that promises to children should never be broken.

So, of course there's only one thing for it.

"Yes, I did promise, darling. We'll just go up these little stairs, look at the swimsuits, and then go on the other moving staircases—cases in the other shop, shall we?"

So up the stairs we go, and either the suits are too small and I am too big, or else they're too daring and I'm too shy. Anyway, I don't get

THE OUT-OF-ORDER escalator threatens to create an incident between Kerry and me. She says I promised her she could ride on one.

the swimsuit, and Kerry couldn't care less.

For she has remembered the ice-cream!

Feeling like a hunted deer with a pack of hounds at my heels, I determine to make a bid for independent action, especially when the brassiere counter looms up ahead.

"Just let Mummy buy a brassiere and then!" I suggest.

"But you got a brazeer, Mummy!"

"Why, yes, I have, but I'd like a new one!"

"Why?"

"Well, you like new things, don't you?"

"Yes, but I haven't got a brazeer to put my chest in!"

"But, darling, you haven't got a chest!"

"When I get a big girl like you, will I have a . . ."

But at this point I give up and smile dizzily at the salesgirl.

"34 medium?" I inquire hopefully.

But she hasn't the glamor line I like in stock, and brings forth a pink object which is more like a set of harness than anything else in this world.

Certain coin of the realm changes hands, I grab my parcel and retreat, my head bloody but unbowed.

And so to the ice-cream department, conveniently situated for harassed mothers at the end of the floor.

When we're almost there my eyes

light on "Bonnets, summer, buttoned, children, for the use of!"

"Ah," I squeal, eager as a child. "Look, Kerry, lovely little bonnets for little girls!"

By this time Kerry has her heels well dug in.

"I'm a big girl, not little!" she says, suddenly looking terribly like her Irish grandmother.

"Of course you are," I rush to explain, "but you would like one of these bonnets now, wouldn't you?"

"I want an ice-cream in a dish. You said I could have an ice-cream in a dish!"

The eager young salesgirl who has been hovering about looks down on Kerry as if she were a nest of vipers. She probably sees so many dear little people.

I decide hastily that the bonnet was only a whim of my own, and plan an immediate policy of appeasement, for by this time Kedgie is getting weary.

So down we sit in the ice-cream department, and I imbibe great gulps of strong, scalding tea while Kedgie feeds her frock and face with a large, plain ice. I review the morning.

Apart from my pink harness I've achieved nothing. And, my gracious, look at the time!

Since nothing less than an atom bomb could wear me from the immutable (and dogmatic) vegetable-lunch-then-sleep routine I adhere to on Kerry-girl's behalf, I gather her up and hasten for home.

Lulled by the rickety-rock of our toastrack, her eyelids grow every moment heavier, until, in spite of herself, she is forced to accept the hospitality of the maternal shoulder.

But she's still sufficiently awake to spike me with a reproachful look and to mutter doggedly:

"You said I could go up the moving staircases—cases!"

Doggone it, I'd forgotten all about that!

Television service for shoppers

Mr. Ray Allsopp of Sydney, who has recently returned from studying television developments in America and England, said that the famous Wanamaker's store in New York has installed a television studio.

THE television screens are placed in all its departments and serve two purposes by providing light entertainment for the customers and advertising its own goods," he said.

"While they try on gloves in one department, they may see a hat they are wanting, or a pair of shoes that appeals to them on the television screen."

The facsimile telegram was another use America had found for

television, he said, and there would soon be a nation-wide televised telegraph service.

"This means a business man simply writes his message and slips it into a machine on his office desk, instead of having to send his message-boy out with it or have it telephoned."

The message will be received in his own handwriting.

"The telephone companies install the machines and keep a check on the number of words televised, sending in the accounts at the end of the quarter."

"All American railway stations plan to have similar machines for public use."

Mr. Allsopp thinks women will enjoy television, which will give them entertainment and instruction in their own homes.

"Broadcasts of such things as beauty treatment and recipes will be much more interesting when they can see what is being done as well as hearing about it."

Mr. Allsopp said that America has progressed farther than England in its television service. It has established 100 stations, three of them in New York.

Paramount Pictures is installing television receivers in all its New York theatres.

The B.B.C. started its postwar television broadcasts only last June, when the transmitter at Alexandra Palace, London, went into action; but already it is extending its sphere by installing a relay station at Birmingham.

It is also considering the ordering of two more transmitters.

By the end of this year, it is hoped, there will be a quarter of a million television receiving sets ready for the British public.

An excellent television receiver in England costs £45, including the 100 per cent. sales tax.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Hollywood stars appearing before King and Queen

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Top-flight Hollywood stars Joan Bennett, Pat O'Brien, and Ray Milland arrive in England this week to make a brief appearance at the Royal Command performance of "A Matter of Life and Death."

The visiting stars are not in the picture, which is the first British film to be shown at a Royal Command performance. The King and Queen and both Princesses will attend.

NO reviews of "A Matter of Life and Death" will be allowed to be printed before the Royal Family has seen the film.

The English stars—David Niven, Kim Hunter, Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Marius B. Goring—will also make personal appearances. Joan Bennett's husband, Walter Wanger, is with her, and Pat O'Brien and Ray Milland are accompanied by their wives.

I chatted with Ray Milland and his wife, Mal, as they did their last-minute shopping before leaving here.

Ray told me he is looking forward to visiting his native Wales again.

He also took a refresher course in French, as he and Mal plan to visit France after the performance.

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger were greatly excited about the trip. Joan said: "Although I have

crossed the Atlantic several times this is my first trip with my husband.

"We consider it a great honor being asked to appear before Their Majesties. I am longing to see the Royal Family.

"My little daughters will bombard me with questions about Princess Margaret Rose when I get home.

"We shan't stay long, though I hope to make a quick flight to France, as I must return to begin work on 'The Secret Behind the Door' for Universal-International."

Distinguished, white-haired Walter Wanger accompanied Joan to represent the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Pat O'Brien hopes to visit Ireland and the places in France he missed on his various United Services' Organisation entertainment tours during the war.



QUIET EVENING at home is not unusual for Ray Milland and his attractive wife, Mal. Here their son Danny shows them what he "learned at school to-day." Ray is looking forward to a visit to his native Wales some time this month.

Pat is a native of Milwaukee, and, though he is considered typically Irish, he has the tourist's eagerness for visiting famous Irish landmarks like the Barney Stone and the Lakes of Killarney.

Maria Montez and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, are also to appear before Their Majesties. They have been spending a holiday in the South of France.

Also included in the Command Performance will be Dorothy Malone, who appears with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart in "The Big Sleep." Dorothy is more excited than anyone else about being invited to appear before the King and Queen.

Tall, brown-haired Dorothy was sitting in Warners' Foreign Depart-



FILM PRODUCER Walter Wanger is caught by Nat Dalling's camera as he assists his wife, Joan Bennett, with her coat before setting out for the Crillon Restaurant in Hollywood. Joan expects to be bombarded with questions when she returns from England.

ment thumbing through English magazines and papers looking for a picture of St. Paul's Cathedral when she told me:

"I am absolutely thrilled with my invitation to appear before the King and Queen.

"I consider this moment the highlight of my career. I am so thrilled and surprised I don't know what to do.

"I am sort of running round in circles, as I have not yet bought any clothes and must leave for New York to-morrow. I still don't know what my part in the show will be.

"I am scared at the thought of eating in the English fashion and am practising eating my peas on the back of my fork and holding my knife in the right hand."

Dorothy plays Cary Grant's cousin in Warners' "Night and Day."



HAPPY at the prospect of attending a Royal Command performance, Pat O'Brien grins as he guides his wife over the floor in a modern mazurka. Nat Dalling snapped the lucky couple.

Something to blow about

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Katina Paxinou to star in O'Neill drama

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

KATINA PAXINOU, here for a very dramatic part in the film "Uncle Silas," was most impatient to meet James Mason when I met her this week in the West End.

She told me he is to be in her next American film, Eugene O'Neill's "Morning Becomes Electra."

Katina will be the husband-murderer Christine in this turbulent tragedy.

Rosalind Russell will be the vengeful daughter Lavinia.

Katina does not know her Jimmie Mason, who, with apologies, is still changing his mind to suit circumstances, and says it is not at all certain that he will go to Hollywood yet.

The sternest critic of British magazines' film-making methods, Jimmy, who is rarely out of hot water for saying what he thinks, now has a big chance to show producers how to put his frequent advice into effect.

He is on the way to becoming a magnate himself: not only is he co-producing his own film, "The Upturned Glass," but is merging with ex-Paramount chief, David Rose, to float his own company and make films in Hollywood and Britain.

BROAD, swarthy, and amiable, Lou Jackson, who runs British National Films and whose dynamic ideas produce good films on which he does not waste a penny, says there is dearth of talent in Britain.

He says British girls lack oomph and that British studios try to turn girls into stars when they are too young, and points to Hollywood.

"Look over there, Garson, Rogers, Stanwyck, Arthur, Colbert, and Davis. Practically all are over thirty."

Lou has a dance team he thinks

may rival Astaire and Rogers. They are Jack Billings and Carole Raye, whom we will judge for ourselves in "Spring Song."

FILM director Walter Forde has just written to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals asking for advice on how to make 200 rats swarm out of a burning house.

"I wouldn't like to be accused of cruelty by rat lovers," he explained.

Colonel Gartsdale, R.S.P.C.A. official, evolved an elaborate plan, involving leaving a dog in the place where the rats are to swarm from, so that, given the feeling of no security by the smell of the dog, the rats will move off hastily.

An additional plan came from Professor L. Kennaway, who suggested that a loud human shout will further encourage them to rush away at the highest possible speed.

FILM patrons who want the services of swarthy Garry Marsh during the summer are told he is unavailable owing to a previous commitment.

This serious-sounding commitment is cricket, and Garry says "I just don't work in summer."

"They can make an offer as tempting as they like, but if it comes in the cricket season it won't even make me take my pads off."

OVERHEARD at the first night of "King Lear," when fans mobbed Olivier.

"Oh! if only he could sing like Sinatra!"

Reply: "Yes? But how would you like that long streak as Romeo?"

Film Reviews

★ ★ HEART BEAT

FOR a lightweight comedy about a young French pickpocket (Ginger Rogers) who is accepted into Parisian diplomatic circles, RKO provides average entertainment, though the film is not altogether worthy of its star.

Miss Rogers is Arlette, who is coached in becoming a pickpocket by Basil Rathbone, goes to an embassy ball and meets middle-aged ambassador Adolphe Menjou and handsome young diplomat Jean Pierre Aumont. Outcome is obvious, but situations are often dragged out.

Menjou and Aumont are better suited by their Continental roles than is Miss Rogers, though she does her best to fit into the Parisian locale. Mikhail Rasumny turns out another of his invariably competent roles, this time as a small-time thief.—Century: showing.

★ ★ SUSPENSE

SPECIALTY cast players no longer are being allowed to win audience approval solely by means of their particular star turn.

In this mystery thriller from Monogram, brilliant ice skater Belita is the centre of heavy drama, though she has plenty of chance to show off some of the skating routines she manages with such effortless grace. Her acting is not so skilful but passes muster.

Suspense is maintained in the story of a gangster (Barry Sullivan) who murders ice rink owner Albert Dekker after he becomes interested in Dekker's wife (Belita). Bonnie Granville comes along in time to bump off the unscrupulous Mr. Sullivan, she being the "woman scorned" in his life.

Lavish ice skating scenes and some good song numbers are included, though Barry Sullivan's performance is far ahead of the other cast members.—Capitol: showing.

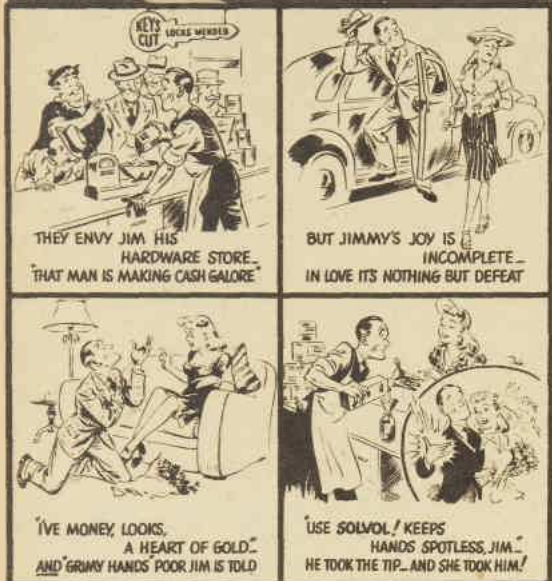


SHEER WITCHERY IN BLACK

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3/6

STRUGGLE ON FARM



1 POISONED by snake, Baxter (Peck) is watched over by wife (J. Wyman) and son, Jody (Claude Jarman, jun.), who begs to be allowed to keep baby deer. Baxter killed deer's mother to save his own life.



3 FEUD with neighboring Forrester family is cause of ugly scene between Baxter and Forrester brothers; but Jody's best friend is frail young Fodderwing Forrester (Donn Gift) who names young deer Flag.



5 FLAG, the deer, now full-grown, breaks out, ruins precious crop. Same thing happens again. Jody's mother insists Flag must be shot or whole family will starve.

THE YEARLING

★ Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Yearling" is a many-sided story of American farm life in the 1870's. The film is directed by Clarence Brown.



2 DESPERATELY poor, Baxters manage to keep the deer, which becomes Jody's devoted pet; two are constant companions. Baxter ekes out very meagre living on their small Florida farm and is helped by Jody.



4 DEATH of Fodderwing heals breach between families. Jody, heartbroken, clings to Buck Forrester (Chill Wills) while Mrs. Forrester (Margaret Wucherly) sits mourning by her youngest son's bedside.



6 DESPAIRING, Jody runs away, hating his mother. Starving after living in woods his outlook matures, and he sees his parents' viewpoint. He returns home, although still mourning deeply for Flag.

...it's a peach for the beach

Sparva's gorgeous colours are with you to stay... this British fabric is **guaranteed** NO-SHRINK, NO-CREASE, NO-FADE. Neither sun nor water can dim its beautiful freshness. Supplies are limited... but do keep trying.

"Sparva"

NO-CREASE NO-SHRINK

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Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Nocturne" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £6. "Three serials returned me £165." "For my last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' I received £4/18/6." "In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory." "I have had three articles accepted by J.L.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C." "The Bulletin" headlined my story, 'Justine.' I received £4/18/6 for it." "I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George.'" "I received £5 for my first story, 'Twin Ships,' and for 'Tilly Pull Through,' £6/6/-."

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BABY: Remember now what it's like to be a baby!

MUMMY: Whew — what a life babies do lead! So many things to make your skin scratchy and irritated!

BABY: My complaint exactly. Now you're in the mood to listen—when I yell for Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder! Pure Johnson's Baby Cream to smooth all over me and help prevent skin irritations. And, please, some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder, for times when chafes and prickles bother me!

MUMMY: Lamb—from now on, I'll do right by you!



Don't ignore dread

PYORRHEA . . . 4 out of 5

MAY GET IT!

Ravaging Pyorrhea with its hideous receding gums and loosening teeth is threatening thousands. Watch out for nature's warning. Tender gums, gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth, are the danger signs.

Protect yourself now against Pyorrhea the tested Forhan's way. Massage gums and clean teeth twice daily with Forhan's Tooth Paste, the only dentifrice containing the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent developed by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Recent clinical tests prove that 95% of Pyorrhea-threatened cases definitely improve in only 30 days by following this simple plan.

Visit your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And start to-day to use Forhan's for cleaner, sparkling teeth and healthier, sturdier gums.



AUSTRALIAN musical-comedy actress Lois Green, seen here talking to Carolyn Earle soon after her return from abroad, follows a very simple glamor routine. Lois' leopard hat is a smart Paris fashion note.

STAGE STAR LOIS GREEN

chats with Carolyn Earle

SYDNEY . . . South Africa . . . Middle East . . . London . . . Sydney . . . Sounds rather like a luxury round-trip, excepting that this one was entirely dictated by wartime exigencies and took seven years to accomplish.

Which is far too long, in the opinion of Lois Green, recently returned Australian musical comedy star, here for about six months to play the lead in "Follow the Girls."

Although during those years there was lots of interest and quite a bit of fun, Lois (called "Loi," as in "Loy," by her friends) says quite the best part of all is being back in Australia at last—with, of course, something new and spectacular by way of stage productions on the boards.

In those same seven years Lois has scarcely changed at all — still the petite, knife-slim figure, the flashing white smile; her fair hair, combed smoothly as to top and sides, swings down and under at the back in a variation of the page-boy bob.

Personal hair-dos she keeps sleek and simple—fixes them herself, too—but on stage she likes to play changeling, when possible, depending upon what the role calls for.

In one scene of the new show she adopts a favored high-fashion style, with a thick braid of hair placed rather far back . . . on the crown of the head. This is interesting, because the big news in hair styling is the reappearance of braids and chignons and hair pieces and ornaments.

Lois has a fine, sensitive skin, and she likes it golden-tan for glamorous contrast with her blonde hair, and you can be pretty sure that she will be out of doors working on the project whenever the chance—and the sun—appears. She'll take it carefully and slowly, though, being unused to our powerful summer sunlight for so long.

Social make-up: Lois keeps light, unobtrusive, and uncomplicated. Sometimes a cream foundation, sometimes pancake make-up in olive tones, because, wearing grease-paint continuously, she feels the more drying action of pancake is desirable. Practically no rouge, blue eye-shadow, and a nice, definite mouth.

On stage, naturally, it's the works —grease-paint with a pink undertone, for glow, eye-shadow, sweeping eyelashes—all the paraphernalia of theatre.

It was interesting (surprising, too, because she is so tiny) to discover that Lois is a firm believer in exercise, and does a planned 30-minute morning stint, varied according to the circumstances of travel and so on, mostly of the muscle-limbering type, interspersed with some of the more complicated dance steps, or whatever might appeal to the mood of the moment. Strict avoidance of any sort of action conducive to knotty or bulging muscles.

For instance, here are two favorite exercises, for which you need no more than the space in which you stand or sit.

A.—Long and short legs, which is all done from the waist and without letting the shoulders sag. You stand with feet together, arms easily at the sides during the entire exercise. Beginning with the left side, pull upwards—from the waist—so that you feel the hip pull into the hip socket. Return to original position and repeat. Both legs, six times each to begin.

B.—Shoulder bunching: Sit easily upright, feet together on the floor, hands resting on knees. Hold tummy muscles firm but untensed. Now, hunch both shoulders over, rounding the back well, at the same time pulling the stomach muscles well in. Straighten the shoulders; relax. Repeat several times.

I really wish you could have seen Lois trying to demonstrate this exer-



cise behind a luncheon table, entirely oblivious, to start with, of the curious glances from round-about diners. It was most amusing.

Outside of physical jerks and incidental dancing, an occasional game of tennis and swimming complete her outdoor programme.

Lois says Australian girls look smart and well-dressed, though there doesn't seem to be such a complete return to formal dressing here as in London.

The shops she finds interesting and inviting—such a change after the rather doleful West End, where hats strike the only inspiring note in an otherwise dull fashion world.

And the food is really wonderful! After a couple of years of starchiness feasting upon mostly bread and potatoes, eaten more often than not because an aching void must be filled somehow, sudden reintroduction to little items like oysters, eggs, and fillet mignon can have dire effect on digestive peace.

After all, the show must go on, so meanwhile food must be kept simple and plain as possible—high in calories but small in quantity; lots of salads, cooked and raw fruit, not too many desserts.

Her favorite dish is home-cooked spaghetti bolognese, complete with all the trimmings; no substitutes permitted.

7 ESSENTIALS TO GOOD HEALTH

1. Don't over-eat. Choose your daily diet from meat, bread, milk, eggs, cereals, fruit or vegetables.
2. Chew food thoroughly.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. A long walk, or similar exercise, each evening is suggested for office and other non-manual workers.
5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
6. Cultivate cheerful outlook; don't worry.
7. Maintain Inner Cleanness by regular daily habits. In this you will find Coloseptic of great assistance. Coloseptic checks autoxima (self-poisoning). A level teaspoonful of Coloseptic in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained. Coloseptic is on sale at all Chemists and Stores and is prepared by Coloseptic (Australia) Ltd., 10 O'Connell St., Newtown, N.S.W.

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Be sure to ask for the **double-strength Kinthe**, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vigor.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily, or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. N & L's.



ANTHONY, the blue-eyed son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Friedlieb, of Vallambrosa Street, East Albury, N.S.W. This bonny young Australian, who has just passed his third milestone in life, weighs 2st. 10lb.

Diagnosing . . .

SCARLET FEVER

By MEDICO

YOUNG John Weymouth had a sore throat, with a rash on his neck and chest.

"Could it be diphtheria?" asked his mother anxiously.

"I'll take a swab and have it examined at the laboratory, just as a routine," I told her. "but diphtheria does not cause a rash. John has scarlet fever. This is also shown by the sudden onset, with vomiting, headache, and the rise of temperature."

"Why couldn't the rash be due to measles?" asked Mrs. Weymouth.

"Measles has a more blotchy type of rash, which is more marked on the face. Measles starts with a sniffly nose and sore eyes. The rash of scarlet fever is like a red sunburn with little dots of redness as well."

"Is scarlet fever dangerous?" asked Mrs. Weymouth.

"Nowadays it is a mild disease and modern treatment with isolation can quickly bring it under control."

"I suppose John will have to be isolated until his hands and feet have stopped peeling?"

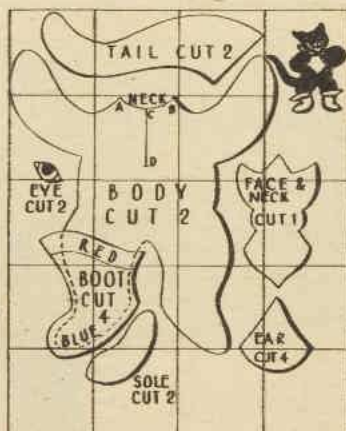
"We used to think that the peel from the skin was infectious, but that has now been disproved. But he will have to be isolated all the same until such time as I give you the word that all is well."

Christmas toy to make

● Puss-in-Boots, of story-tale fame, is made from bits and pieces, but he'll bring joy to the heart of a little one.



THIS handsome fellow is dressed in black velvet with white cravat and red ribbon bow, but you can make him in any color



PATTERN DIAGRAM. This has been reduced to about a fourth of the size of the finished Puss-in-Boots. See directions on this page.

HERE he is—Puss-in-Boots of story-tale fame.

You can make him beautifully if you follow the complete and detailed instructions which follow:

Lay black velvet, wrong side up, on table. Place plate, 5½ in. diameter, wrong side up, on velvet and, holding it down firmly, dust a little talcum powder round the edge. This will outline a circle, which can now be cut out. This dusting method will also mark out the shape of the cat.

Note.—Turnings are not allowed, so leave a good ½ in. when cutting out.

Squaring-up of pattern: It is important to note that the pattern diagram has been reduced to a fourth of the size of the original, so it is necessary for you to enlarge pattern. Enlarged, each square

measures 2½ in., making 10 inches the full width and 12½ in. the depth of pattern background.

Square up cat pattern as described, and cut out two pieces of velvet, preferably on the cross. Lay these two pieces together and machine round, except at neck (A.B.). Turn and stuff till plump. Bend front paws forward; slip-stitch in place at under-arm. Overcast front opening (C.D.) till a V-shape for chest. Now gather all round circle for head; pull thread to form a bag, into which put a "snawball" of cotton-wool about two-thirds size of body. Fasten off firmly and take a few stitches across gathered edges to make half moon heart-shape with a pussy-shaped chin and fat cheeks. Now press head firmly on to body, making sure there is plenty of stuffing in the neck. Slip-stitch head on to body, keeping gathered edges of head to the front where face will cover them.

Now square up and cut out pattern for the white part; draw round it on opaque white fabric, cutting out

with ½ in. turnings. Fell this on to chest and form a ½ in. dart at each side of face. Fill up with cotton-wool. Cut out a circle of velvet 2½ in. diameter; fell the circle on to top of head, snipping circle slightly at front and turning in the edges; fell it over the white face. Cotton-wool should be added during this process so that, finally, the head is roughly spherical. A few stitches from side to side of the nose, pulled tightly, will bulge that feature out. These should be halfway down the cat's face and are covered by eyes, cut from pattern in green felt and gummed on. Ears are cut from velvet, machined, turned and felled on the curved edge on to head, one up and one down. Cut mouth from pattern in red leather and stitch in place. White cotton whiskers finish the face. Cut out and machine tail; stuff and stitch on to back of cat.

Boots are cut from pattern in chamois, felt, or thin leather, overcast by hand on wrong side, then turned. These and a ribbon bow finish the cat.

Courtaulds
LIMITED, ENGLAND

RAYON



When you are considering the purchase of new clothes, you will find it advantageous to ask for dresses and lingerie made with Courtaulds rayon.

If you prefer to make your own things at home, the lovely fabrics made with Courtaulds Rayon Yarns provide quality and service as well as beauty.

World Distributors for Courtaulds Fabrics:
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MELBOURNE - Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Head Office - Ltd., Quilca House, 175 Flinders Lane.
SYDNEY - Samuel Courtauld & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Broughton House, 181 Clarence St.
BRISBANE - Erik B. Milne, 172 Edward Street.
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PERTH - A. C. Mackie, Economic Chambers, William Street.



3590A

Let your thoughts flow through a

Wyvern

BRITAIN'S PERFECT PEN

FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

PAIN
you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing **Acterin** (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



*"just like getting
an extra pair
of stockings!"*

**Tests prove LUX makes stockings
last TWICE as long!**

You'll dance for joy when you discover how easy it is to get extra wear from stockings! Just LUX them after every wearing. When you do that perspiration is whisked right out before it weakens threads. And tests prove that stockings washed with LUX last twice as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.



U.2241

"Lovely skin makes dreams come true"

SAYS

JOAN LESLIE

Warner Brothers' Star in
"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

*DON'T JUST DREAM ABOUT
GLAMOUR... HAVE IT! I TAKE
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY DAY.
IT'S A REAL BEAUTY SOAP!*

**Tests show 3 out of 4 complexions improve
in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap**

Try Hollywood's own complexion care — active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Put the rich, creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.



The bath and complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars

LT.1841



Be the one HE can't forget

Have that Tangee "Petal-Finish" look. A touch from one of these unique lipsticks gives alluring color and tempting softness, makes you the One he can't forget. Match your lipstick with flattering Tangee "Petal-Finish" Rouge and Face Powder.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful You can be.

As soon as restrictions are lifted stocks will be available.

Sole Agents: R. G. Turnley & Son.

Lipsticks - Rouge - Face Powder

TANGEE

WITH THE NEW PETAL-FINISH

STOP BACK ACHE Rheumatic ills!



Day and night your kidneys fight to quit your system of the harmful acids, germs and poisons that increasingly attack your health and lower your resistance. When the kidneys fail, rheumatic aches and pains, stiff or swollen joints, and backaches often start. Soon you feel "Pit for nothing"—old, years too soon. But there is a reliable shield, Harrison's Pills help the kidneys and the vital organs in an amazingly effective way, bringing quick relief to sufferers. Give this unique doctor's prescription a trial TODAY.

Harrison's Pills are sold by all good chemists, 2/1, 3/2 and 5/3. If, however, you have any difficulty, write direct to Amalgamated Laboratories, 170 Clarence St., Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS

1184-4336

Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 30 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W. EUCRAZY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

fortuna cloth



FRAMED BEAUTY... This copy of an old Dutch floral painting using real flowers was exhibited by Miss Hera Roberts at the recent N.S.W. Chelsea flower show. Framed in gilt, backed by folds of soft velvet, the exquisitely arranged bowl embraces white and yellow iris, tulips, aquilegia, fuchsia, rhododendrons, foxgloves, gerbera, and peonies.

Sow, PLANT THESE NOW

IN the flower garden seed of zinnias, snapdragons, asters, ageratium, amaranthus, celosia, balsam, boronia, brachycome, calliopsis, candytuft can be sown, or seedlings set out, in all but tropical areas.

Clarkias, too, can be sown now; also coleus (in shade in the bush or glass house), also freesias, delphiniums, godetias, gerberas, helianthus, gomphrena, leucocoryne, petunia, phlox, salvia, rudbeckia, and verberna.

Advanced seedlings of perennials and biennials can be set out now, and the gardener should hasten to set out plants of chrysanthemum and get the ground ready for a late

November to mid-December planting of dahlia tubers and green plants.

Early sown vegetables will be needing adequate watering and feeding, and the gardener should make further sowings of dwarf and climbing French beans, tomatoes, lettuces, beetroots, silver beet, and sugar-loaf cabbage for summer months.

Cucumbers, squashes, marrows, melons, rock melons, and New Guinea butter beans can also be sown in well manured hills of soil. Sweet potato cuttings should also be set out without delay. Carrots, parsnips, cape gooseberry, capsicum or pepper, cress, celery (plants only), endive, herbs, egg plants, okra can also be sown now.

Sweet corn, radishes, rosellas, peanuts, rhubarb (roots), and horse radish should also be given places in the kitchen garden.—Our Home Gardener.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

HAVE you one or two aggravating grease marks on the wallpaper? If so, try removing them with french chalk. Leave on for several hours, then brush off with clean cloth. This often does the trick!

CLEAR plastic can be cleaned safely with lukewarm water and mild soap, either by brush or by soaking. Only surface stains are removable, though. Discolorations that go all the way through the

plastic or stains that penetrate are usually hopeless.

YOU can prevent scales from forming on the inside of your kettle by keeping an oyster shell in it. When the shell has accumulated sufficient scales replace it with a new one.

I FIND it a good idea when the sewing-machine needle gets a little dull to take a piece of fine sandpaper and run the needle through this several times.

YOU should always put your clothes on hangers while the body heat is still in them. In this way you'll find that the creases will smooth out.

PRE-NATAL HELP

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST of you who are awaiting your babe's arrival enjoy good health. This is how nature intended it should be.

On the other hand, nature will always give a warning signal when all is not well, and if you heed this and report it at once to your doctor, then prompt treatment can be given and any danger averted.

A leaflet briefly describing some of these warning signals can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



BRIGHTENING up your kitchen for Christmas? I am. And I'm trimming shelves with strips of gay wallpaper something like the top one shown above. Kitchen belongs to Pat Kirkwood, MGM.



'Celanese'

TRADE MARK

Today your love of luxury is tempered by the knowledge that clothes should last very much longer. Therefore, you quite rightly think of Quality first. But if you think of 'Celanese' you can combine both beauty and quality. For clothes made from 'Celanese' Fabrics can express all your desire for lovely things and satisfy fully your need for careful buying. Keep searching until you find 'Celanese'; you will agree your persistence was worth while.



BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, LONDON, ARE THE PROPRIETORS OF THE TRADE MARK 'CELANESE'

In love with his wife

IRENE: "Her husband thinks there's no-one like her."

GWEN: "Why not? She is a very clever woman."

IRENE: "She is more than that. She is pretty. She keeps her Youth. She is 40 but she looks 30. Why, she has a skin like a girl."

GWEN: "Now, that is very curious, you know. She HAS got a lovely skin. Yet, a while back, her skin was the worry of her life. How come?"

IRENE: "She tells me it is mostly due to using Creme Charmosan—the famous skin cream."

The woman who first bobbed her hair—the woman who first dared lift her skirts above her ankles—in THEIR hearts sang the song of YOUTH. And now woman flings her final gesture at age.

"I will NOT look my age," she says. "I am not young but I FEEL young. And so I'll LOOK young."

Creme Charmosan holds face powder bewitchingly for hours. It is a charm for your skin, too, against the most trying weather. Big jars, 2/6. Tubes, 1/-.

GEORGE and MARGO

ONE OF THE MOST SINCERE PROVOCATIVE, BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN LOVE STORIES OF THE DECADE

BY ROLAND HOFFMAN

An expression of war comes home—to what? To the wife of his dreams... or a ghost of an old romance.

Order Your 8/6 Copy

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

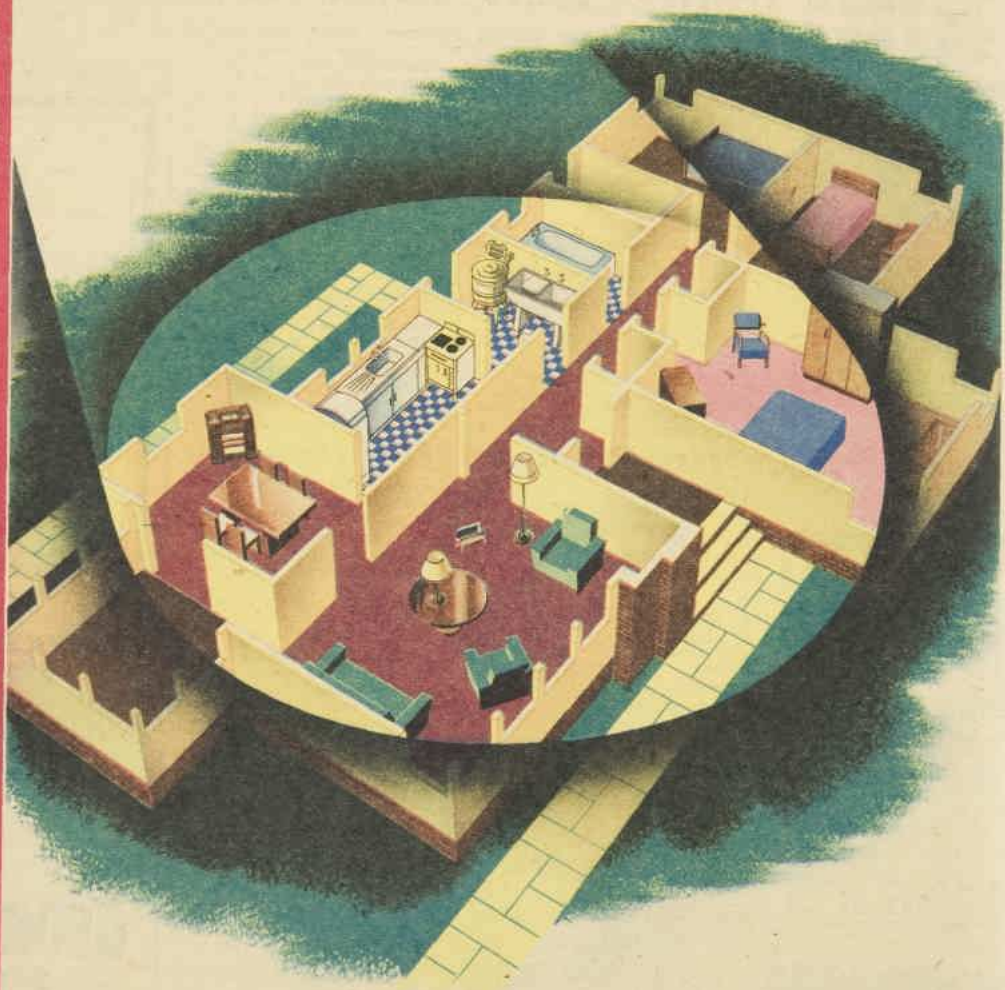
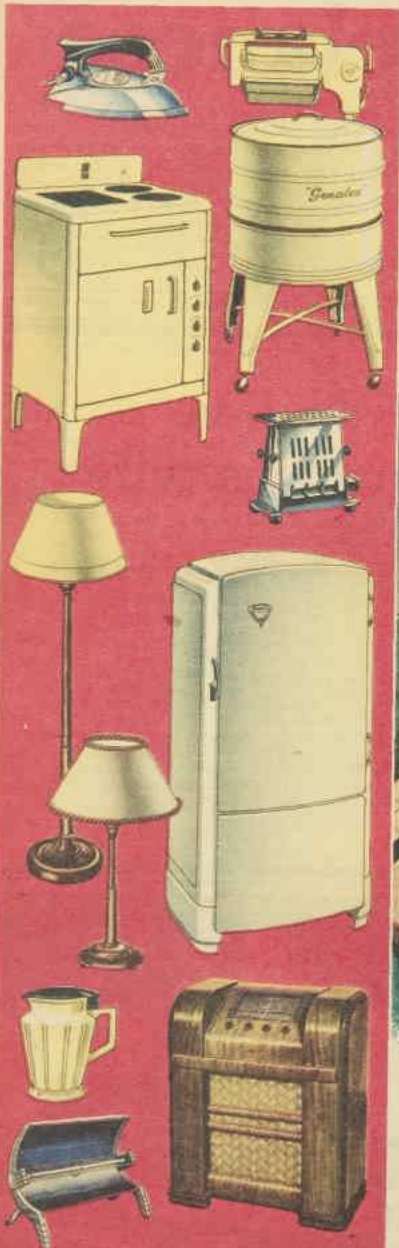
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SWEETS in step with the season—fruit shape Celestine, featuring strawberries and banana, moulded pineapple chiffon, ice-cream. Recipes for sweets illustrated are printed on page 46.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

MAKE the most of your refrigerator or ice-box . . . use it often to concoct delicious sweets, light and airy as a summer breeze, tantalisingly flavored with fruits (either fresh or preserved), and chock full of nourishment in the form of milk and eggs.

A little time, a little patience, and a determination to handle with care—that's all you need to turn out jellied sweets as tempting as those pictured on this page.

Milk, eggs, and gelatine can prove most contrary unless a few simple rules are understood and followed.

One of the most important points is that the gelatine (carefully measured, of course) should be completely dissolved before adding it to the other ingredients.

If only a small quantity of gelatine is being used (say, two or three dessertspoons), simply sprinkle it into a small quantity of hot water, stir gently until it completely dissolves.

With larger quantities of gelatine it is advisable to stand the basin containing gelatine and hot water over a pan of very hot water. The pan should then be placed over low heat and the gelatine stirred occasionally until it dissolves.

Careful measuring of gelatine is important—use exactly the quantity stated in the recipe. Too much will make a tough, leathery jelly; too little will result in a "runny" mixture.

Gelatine should never be heated with milk or added to very hot milk—it will curdle the milk.

Continued on page 46

Handle with Care



MEN'S KOOL ATHLETIC VEST AND TRUNKS

Vest cut for close-fitting comfort from air-conditioned fabrics of fine-combed cotton yarn giving extra wearability. A multi-featured trunk with balloon seat, elastic hip, two button adjustable waist. Lap over front finish for neatness. Won't bind or ride up.



BOYS' KOOL ATHLETIC VEST AND BRIEFS

Air-conditioned like Dad's. Vest, hard wearing, comfortable and easily laundered. Trim, athletic briefs with double gusset for tough wear. Built with elastic back and flatlocked throughout for extra comfort.



WOMEN'S KOOL BRIEFS

Curve-moulding to give smooth, sleek line under house-gowns, slacks, bathing costume, or formal wear. Air-conditioned weave for extra coolth and lightness; designed with curved-cut crutch that conforms to the body contour; soft cotton lining for greater comfort and extra wear.



GIRLS' VEST AND BRIEFS

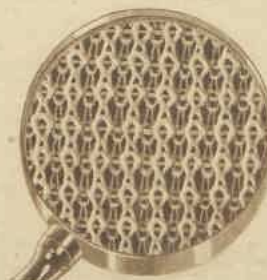
A snug-fitting, air-conditioned vest of softest cotton. Hard wearing and easily laundered. Cool as only Kool can be. Briefs the same as Mummy's—won't sag or bunch, gives unrestricted freedom of movement. Crutch constructed to give double wear and fits like a second skin.



"IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO *Eagley Kool*"

Take a tip from the Kool-clad kids—"Change, now, to Eagley Kool!" When the temperature is torrid and the humidity at its worst, Kool encourages you to sail breezily about your work or play in air-conditioned comfort, neat, trim and cool as a cucumber. Knitted in an open mesh to hasten the escape of body heat, made from doubly absorbent, fine-combed English cotton to speed evaporation and tailored to give you a sculptured outline, air-conditioned Kool is designed in every detail specifically to keep you cool. Change, now, to Eagley Kool. It's as cool as only Kool can be!

A photograph four times magnified, showing the extra open mesh of the improved Kool fabric made for lightness, strength, and perfect air-conditioning.



Eagley Kool

AIR-CONDITIONED UNDERWEAR FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

TO SHOW HOW

Young You look

Not to mask your beauty . . . but to bring out the true youthful softness of your skin. Say "Three Flowers"—smoother, finer, youthful. So soft, so transparent is Three Flowers it becomes part of you . . . you're natural with Three Flowers.



three flowers
FACE
POWDER

A CREATION OF
RICHARD HUDNUT



3F7

IF YOUR RHEUMATICS NEVER LET YOU FORGET

take De Witt's Pills

Many people say that De Witt's Pills relieve rheumatic pains because they can speak from experience.

Here are just two facts you should know.

1. The function of the kidneys is to trap and expel poisons and impurities which, if allowed to remain in the system, may be the cause of rheumatic pains.
2. De Witt's Pills act on sluggish kidneys—they stimulate the kidneys to function properly.

If, therefore, your "rheumatics" are due to the faulty action of sluggish kidneys, a course of De Witt's Pills will soon give you relief.

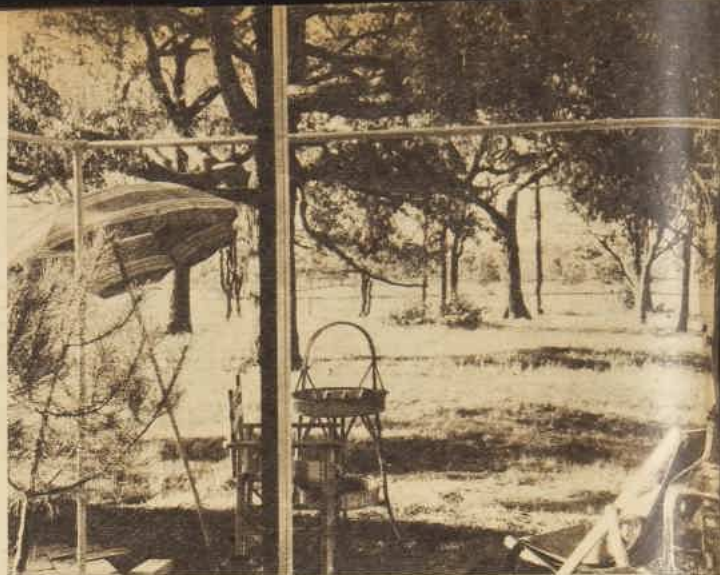
In De Witt's Pills you have a medicine that acts gently but very surely. They cleanse the kidneys of clogging poisons and impurities and stimulate these vital organs to normal activity. A medicine that can ease your pain is worth trying at once. So get a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day.

Remember—if your rheumatic pains are due to sluggish kidneys, De Witt's Pills may be the one thing you need.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

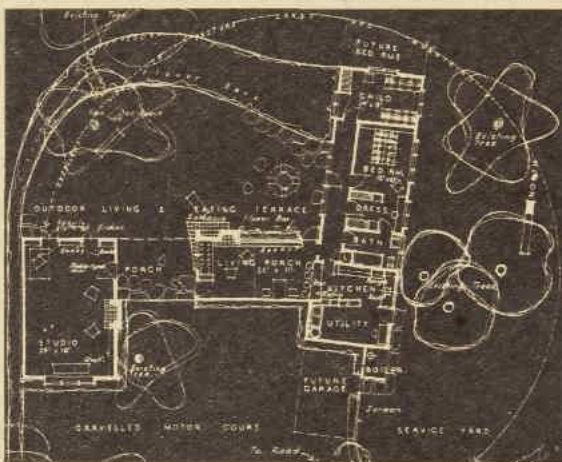
VIEW through a wall of glass that would gladden the heart of any toll-worn city-dweller. This picture (right) was taken by our photographer from the living porch or family-room of the Freedmans' home, Bayswater, Victoria. At the base of this window area low shelves hold books. The long, wideish top serves as table for refreshments, for bric-a-brac, papers, and magazines.



SMALL HOUSE . . . but it's destined to grow



TERRACE IN FRONT of landscape windows will be partly paved and partly lawn. Equipped with barbecue fireplace, meals are cooked and served out here on fine days. Hundreds of spring-flowering bulbs will be planted round trees next autumn. Wild orchids and other natives flourish, and, as you see, magnificent gums surround the home.



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN of the Freedman expandable home, constructed of timber and designed by architect John Mockridge. This plan, together with pictures of the home, will interest countless young home-makers who some day hope to build the home of their dreams.

A FEW weeks ago, F/Lt. Harold Freedman, official R.A.A.F. artist, together with his wife and young family, moved into the charming little house pictured on this page.

Situated at Bayswater, some eighteen miles from Melbourne, the house is set on a slight rise and commands glorious views of the Dandenong's pasture, and bush lands.

Away from the rush and tear of city life, it's a fine spot in which to live and rear a young family.

Designed by John Mockridge (who contributed several outstanding designs to The Australian Women's Weekly book of home plans), the house is destined to grow, as the plan at left shows.

An open porch or breezeway and studio-living-room are to be added in the near future.

This will link with the "living" wing. The breezeway will serve as an entrance porch to both wings, in addition to forming a pleasant sitting-out place on days and evenings.

The "pet" view of the Dandenong's is to be had from the kitchen windows, one wall of which is entirely of glass—helping to make of it a most delightful workshop. An idea, by the way, that could be copied by

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

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protects you against all risk of offending

Staisweet

gives you confidence and natural charm

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The Deodorant Cream You can trust!

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Wondoflex

DUO-TEXTURE JERSEY

CREATING A NEW WORLD OF FABRICS

From leading salons in wool frocks & suits

MADE IN AUSTRALIA



VIEW of the Freedman home built among the magnificent gums at the foot of the Dandenongs, Victoria. The "shack," glimpsed extreme right and connected by a railed path-way to the main dwelling, houses the maid, providing after-hour privacy for both family and helper.

LEFT: One end of master bedroom, housing the simply designed shelf above bed. Hand-blocked fabric forms bolster, is used to trim oyster-grey cover, also used for curtaining windows.

most of you who purpose building. This window expanse overlooks the children's well-equipped playground, where, under the watchful eyes of mother, young David can dig in his sand-pit and baby Margaret kick to her heart's delight in the sunshine.

The room marked "utility" on the ground floor plan is now being used as an indoor playroom for the children. This opens directly from the kitchen.

Although the walls of the master-bedroom and living porch or family-room have been left in their natural state and waxed, the dressing-bay between bedroom and bathroom has terracotta-pink walls. The nursery walls are painted to resemble a square block—each wall a different pastel. And the effect is charming.

The built-in table on which baby Margaret is now bathed, weighed, and dressed will some day become her dressing-table.

The dressing-bay off the master-bedroom is well equipped with wardrobe and cupboard space, and features a smart, built-in dressing-table with a mirror.—EVE GYE.



A BAR COUNTER for meals separates kitchen and living porch (or family-room), and a sliding glass screen keeps out cooking odors. Kitchen is well designed, starting with food storage, then food preparation counter round to cooking and serving area, thence to food "bar."



GLO-RUB
FOR HEAD & CHEST COLDS



Shu-Milk
THE PERFECT
WHITE SHOE CLEANER
★ WON'T RUB OFF ★
SOLD AT ALL STORES

Dainty
as a Spring Flower

in **SHRINKPROOF**

Sun-glo

IT'S GUARANTEED
NEVER TO SHRINK



Light, yet warm, her "pretty-as-a-picture" Sun-glo knitted frock protects her from the unexpected chill that can mar the most perfect spring day. Design No. 3077 from Sun-glo Knitting Book Series No. 87 which contains simple instructions for kiddies' frocks, little boys and girls' jumpers, cardigans and pull-overs. Sun-glo Shrinkproof Knitting. Wools are manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. Sun-glo Knitting Books available all retailers, newsagents, 7d. each or 8jd. POSTED. Frocks Book or Children's Book, 1/3, or 1/4jd. POSTED. Or order direct from "Knitting Book Department", Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd., 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

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Please send me Free Folder showing all designs in your latest Knitting Books. I enclose 11d. in stamps for postage.

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Please write your name and address in block letters. S.G. 27

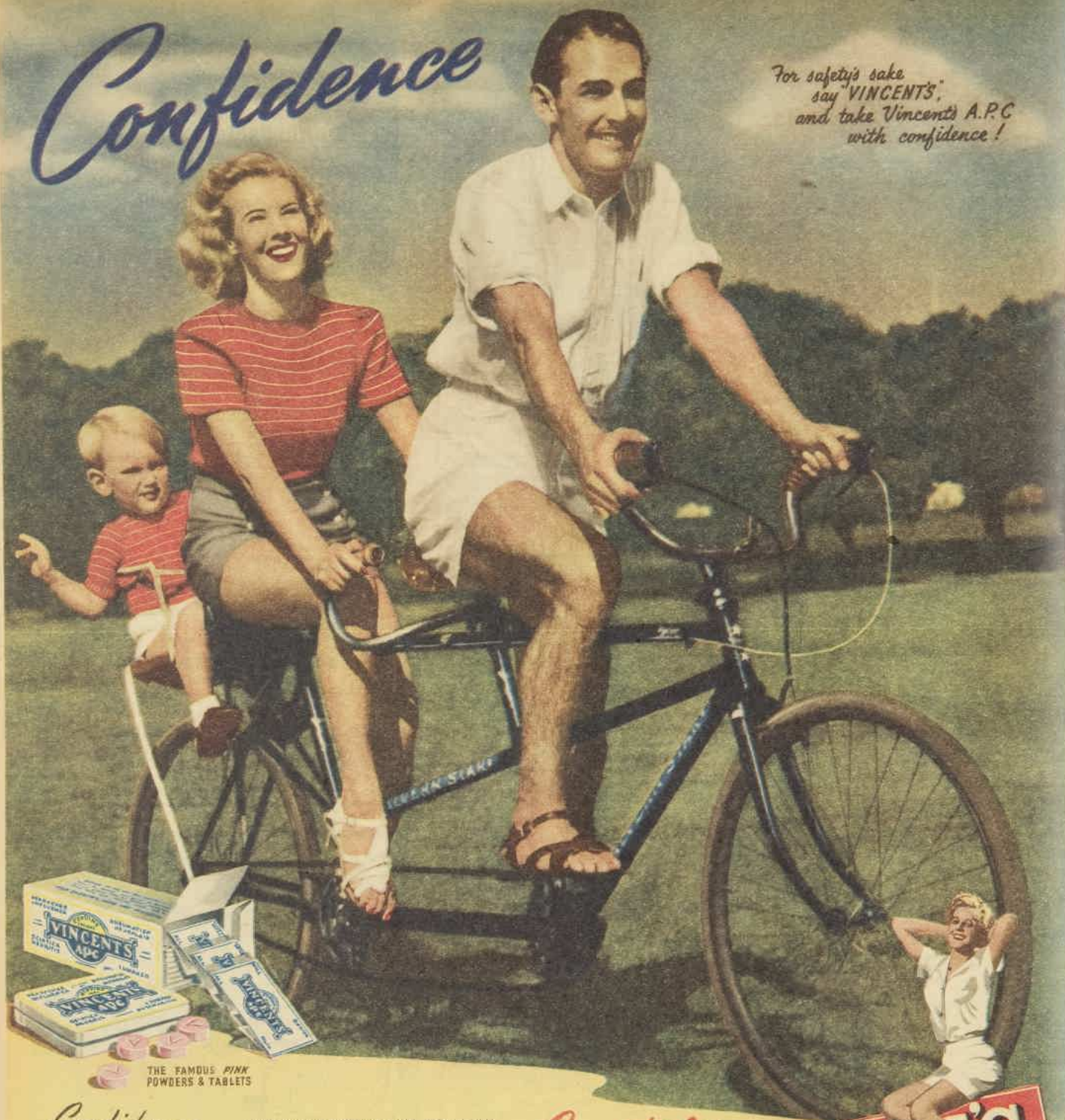
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FOR
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Rosella Foods invite even the youngest of your family to eat well.

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For safety's sake
say "VINCENT'S"
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with confidence!



THE FAMOUS PINK
POWDERS & TABLETS

Confidence . . . AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Radiating health, happiness and *confidence*, this youthful family enjoys an outing on a bicycle built for three! Place your confidence in the better-balanced prescription of genuine Vincent's A.P.C. For over twenty-five years Vincent's A.P.C. has been proved safe and effective for the quick relief of Headaches, Rheumatism and nerve and muscular pain. *Genuine* Vincent's A.P.C. is prepared to the original hospital prescription!

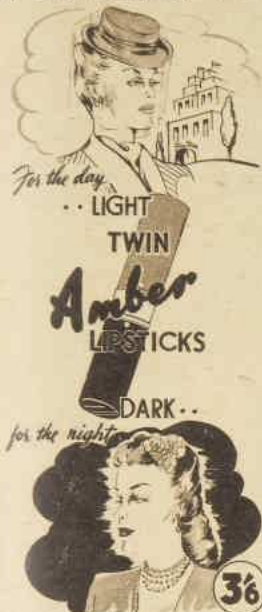
**TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C.
WITH CONFIDENCE**

Genuine
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

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Ask your chemist for Vincent's Powders & Tablets

**FOR HEADACHES, ALL NERVE AND MUSCULAR PAINS, LISTLESSNESS,
INFLUENZA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA**

Lipstick Sensation!
Exclusive to AMBER
Your Own Two Shades
in One Container . . .



Get your AMBER 'TWIN' today!
at your Chemist or favourite Store.
Amber Chemical Manufacturers, Sydney.
MW1574

MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS, may be danger sign of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. The help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day.

If the 19 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay. Ask your chemist at store for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 19 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from the blood.

Ask your Chemist or Store for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
DPI12

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 2, 1946

Fashion PATTERNS



F4445.—Here is a most exciting new style in swimsuits—gathered crossover skirt and snappy little bra top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide, and 1 yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

F4446.—You'll agree that this is a most unusual frock. Note the softness of the new, moulded sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. wide and 3 yds. ribbon. Pattern, 1/8.



F4447

● TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 33.

F4447.—For daytime appointments you'll find nothing smarter than this casual but cleverly cut tailored frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4448.—For that all-important date which calls for something new and outstanding make the lovely, sophisticated frock featured here. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.



F4448

F4449



F4449.—Your young chick-a-dee will love the American bloomer-style rompers. Make them for her this summer. Sizes 1 to 2 yrs., 2 to 4 yrs., 4 to 6 yrs. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4450.—Designed specially for you—here is a truly lovely nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4450



Parents are funny in some ways; but they're certainly right to see we keep this rule—



—every morning take

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"



—Here's help for
CUTS AND SCRATCHES

X MOTHER rid your child of Worms

Thousands of Mothers have learned to depend IMPLICITLY on SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP for quick, permanent relief. San-o-lax contains castor oil, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) and not only destroys any worm presence, but also prevents recurrence. When your child is restless in his sleep, don't listen to those who say, "It's just constipation." It may be worms. If it is, don't delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start using right away. Children like it because it's pleasant to take—not like a medicine.

Your chemist sells
SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Pelter & Birks Pty. Ltd.

Why Cough?

Nature can't HEAL while coughing continues

Coughing causes irritation and damages delicate tissues
STOP YOUR COUGH! Take Y-COUGH
KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS
AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES 1/9



... and so to bed

When day is done what a wealth of comfort there is in the thought of a deep soft bed . . . what promise it gives of exquisite relaxation. But how often some of us find that as the light snaps out, drowsy yawns give way to obstinate wakefulness and the tiresome worries of the day are re-lived in a mounting tempo of nerve-tingling tension. >>> To help in situations like these, doctors recommend Cadbury's Bourn-vita taken in milk as a food drink at bed-time. >>> The secret of sound sleep is first to drop off quickly and restfully and then to relax completely the whole night through. To do this you should have a reserve of nourishment which science has proved is necessary to the body during the night. For it is a scientific fact that your body uses up more energy in the first hour of sleep than in an ordinary waking hour. >>>



Thousands of people swear by Bourn-vita for they have found that it contains a perfectly balanced combination of protective foods — barley malt, full cream milk and eggs, together with energizing chocolate, all of which provide the body with a readily available energy reserve on which your system draws during the hours of sleep. >>> Bourn-vita is rich in Vitamins A, B and D, and contains Calcium and Phosphorus which have a soothing and relaxing effect on the nerves. >>> Try Bourn-vita. Buy some this week. And make it a habit just before bed-time to mix two teaspoonfuls of Bourn-vita in a cup of hot milk. Go to bed as soon as you have had it and be prepared for a full night of deep restful sleep . . . and wake in the morning clear-eyed and eager to start the day in top gear and high spirits.

Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA